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THE TWO PACIFICS by Harold Bolce

IV-JAPAN'S NEW GOSPEL OF CIVILIZATION

The Western world has gazed so long on Japanese posters, postal souvenirs, and panels that it has grown color-blind to the real Japan. Tourists moving in continuous pilgrimage to tea-house and temple, or climbing Fuji-yama to survey Japan, get no revelation of the empire that now is. Strangers who dream in plum and cherry groves, admiring the populace, from coolies to college men, fastening cotton strips of spring poetry to the blossoming branches, are not studying the genuine Japan. It is a pretty spectacle—this annual revelry of estheticism—but the festival of petals and poems gives no hint of the mighty force that is shaking the foundations of empire in the East.

Nor can we trust to the appraisements of that fallible multitude which, arranging its itinerary on the principle that art is long and tourist-tickets limited, lays up indiscriminate treasures in those shops where curios—some of them

manufactured in Paterson, New Jersey—are sold in multiplying quantity. The tales brought back—of color, incense, and temple gongs, of geisha girls and amiable men, of a nation transformed in the twinkling of an eye, and of heroes of the old samurai glorified at Shinto shrines—splendor the mind of the untraveled like dreams of a Promised Land.

To establish the truth of the picture there are displayed trophies of satsuma, cloisonné, and lacquer; carvings, fans, and painted silks; and ancient oaks and cryptomerias, dwarfed to inches and thriving in the area of a pot. All these things serve to keep alive the legend of a land of patient daintiness and artistic unconcern for the gross utilitarianism of the West.

Nor are many of the accepted writers on Japan more trustworthy than the tourists. There is too much lotus eating among the literati sojourning in the land of lanterns. To attempt, for ex-



A YOKOHAMA LETTER-CARRIER
IN WINTER UNIFORM

ample, to get a faithful glimpse of Japan through the lenses of Lafcadio Hearn is like trying to understand England with *Alice in Wonderland* as a guide. Pen-craft that can make engaging reading out of the details of death by cholera has little difficulty in painting the apotheosis of an empire. It cannot be denied that a glory gilds the pages of this gifted writer, but it is the genius of Hearn, not the Spirit of Japan, that illuminates.

In this critical hour in the destinies of the Far East, the writings of these brilliant dreamers have a decidedly serious import, for it is the fanciful Japan of their creation, not the ambitious empire which actually exists, that has filled the imagination and evoked the applause of Western powers. To understand why commercial leaders in America and their representatives in the

Orient fear the ascendancy of Japan in the affairs of Asia, one must first forget the radiant unrealities fashioned by Far Eastern poets, and disregard the highly-colored chronicles of the tourist.

The Occident does not understand Japan. Screened by the smoke of ten thousand factories, it is carrying on world activities. Through imperial coöperation its ships are crowding the ports of the world. A navy, already able to dispute sea-sovereignty with great powers, is preparing to patrol the circuit of its merchant marine. Authoritative announcement has been made at Tokio that at the conclusion of the conflict with Russia, one of the first steps will be a demand that the United States revise its navigation laws and permit the ships of Japan to traffic between the Philippines, Hawaii, and the American mainland.

A realization that Japan believes itself to be the twentieth century teacher of mankind may prepare the West to understand why the Mikado's subjects, despite their reassuring smiles, ceremonial phrases, and prostrations, are inspired by a pride which in reality scorns even a comparison with races of the West. It is extremely difficult for people who have not entered into commercial relations with Japan to understand this uncompromising conviction of superiority which Asiatics, and particularly the Japanese, entertain. The people of Japan point out that the Jew, as the chosen of God, had his day. The Anglo-Saxon—the "blonde beast" of modern conquest—has been having his unbridled career of dominion. It is now the turn of the finer-grained Oriental, who, having developed an enlightened cosmopolitanism purged of every taint of provincial prejudice, and owing its inspiration to a Mikado who traces his lineage to a god, is to march forth with a message not only to the Eastern continent but to all mankind.

Practical men engaged in large enterprises in the Far East—some of which

are suffering slow, unmistakable contraction, due to polite but pertinacious Oriental boycott—insist that in peace, no less than in war, Japan has become a formidable power. European houses in the Orient concur with significant unanimity in the fear of American commercial leaders that Western nations are in danger of losing in the Far East the most alluring opportunity that ever opened to international trade. England, even before the armed emergence of the Japanese, was losing ground in the Orient. America, gaining trade in some commodities, was suffering decline in others, and in no field of Oriental enterprise was securing more than a fractional part of its share as a great producing nation, ambitious to be the traffic manager of the world.

Meanwhile Japan was building business in territory which Great Britain, the greatest of all trading nations, was reluctantly relinquishing. Moreover, the Sunrise Kingdom was out-maneuvering America in the initial contest for the commercial supremacy of the Far Pacific. Japan announces that, if victorious, it will dedicate the Orient to the trade of the world; but British and American houses in the Far East contend that Japanese triumph will, in reality, give no assurance of an expansion of Anglo-American commerce.

That trade would suffer under Russian dominion in the Far East has been long realized by the Western business world; complete conquest on the part of the Japanese would result in a similar check to the Oriental trade and political ambitions of Western nations. These convictions are based on more than a quarter of a century of ambitious trading in the treaty ports of the Orient. The dream of adroit and diplomatic Japan is for Asiatic dominion, politically, territorially, intellectually, and in trade.

Today in Tokio significant speeches and editorials are brilliant with predictions that Japan has embarked on an

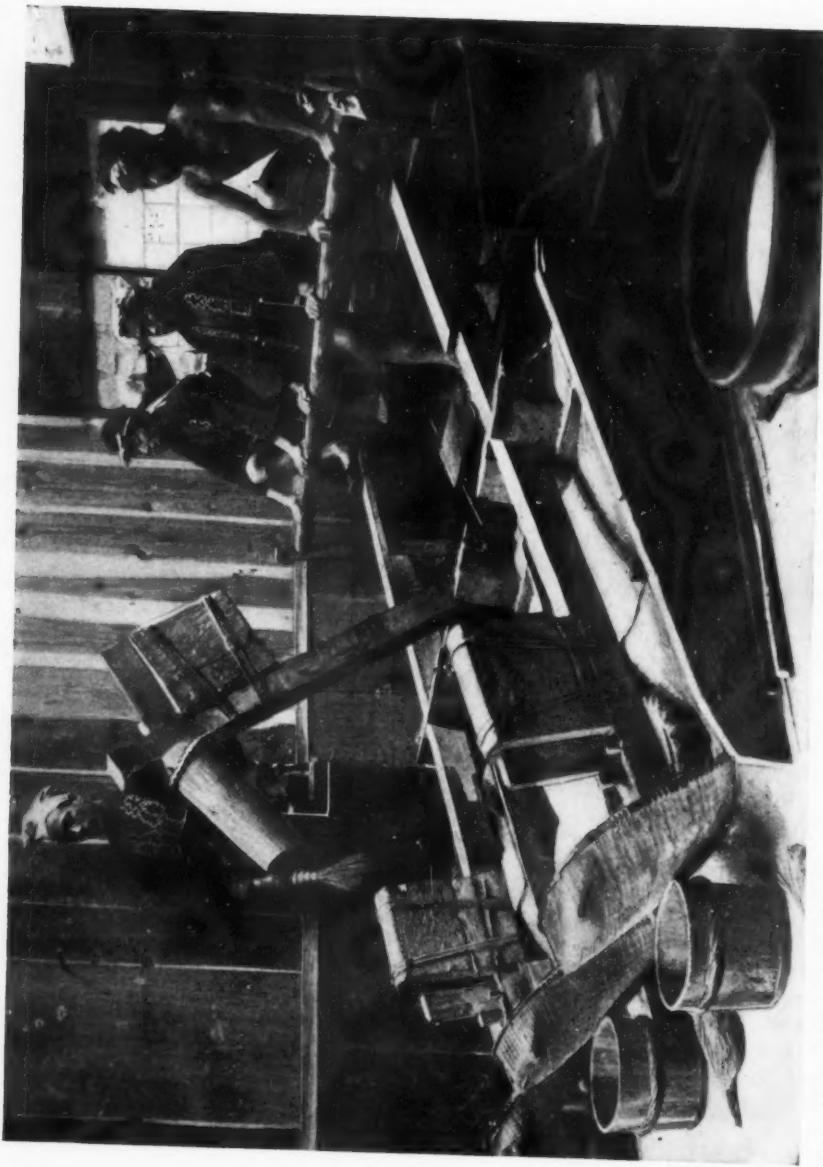


AN OLD SALT—JAPANESE VARIETY

auspicious world career. Its place in the commerce of the Pacific is to be supreme. Its intrenchment on the continent of Asia is to be permanent—secure against even a confederation of alien jealousies—while its rôle as the educator of Asia is to make Japan a conspicuous leader in the coming advancement of civilization. On the sixteenth of March of this year, there was held in the city of Tokio an important and enthusiastic convention of the Progressive Party, of which Count Okuma is the political leader. This statesman and scholar, who founded the University of Waseda in the Japanese capital, stands for the most enlightened thought in the empire, and the party which he dominates is pledged to the expansion of Japan. At this gathering at Tokio a manifesto was issued proclaiming the purposes of the war with

WITHIN SOUND OF THE ELECTRIC STREET CARS THIS
PRIMITIVE METHOD OF HULLING IS STILL IN USE

WILLING RICE IN TOKIO



Russia. Among other things, it set forth the following:

"The object of this contest must be nothing short of the occupation by Japan of the Amur and Littoral Provinces, a part of Siberia, and the inclusion of the Kinchow peninsula in a Japanese sphere of influence."

Two million children throughout the empire sing daily, with unmistakable elation, martial airs surcharged not only with spirited antagonism toward the Slav but with imperial hope in the annexation of new territorial domain. One of these militant anthems urges the army to break the ramparts of Port Arthur, to pull down the walls of Harbin, and pressing forward, to plant the banner of the Sun on the peaks of the Urals. Thence, the regiments of conquering Japan are adjured to proceed still westward, until the once dominant Slav shall be confined to the ancient stronghold of Moscow.

The Japanese, from the samurai to the coolies, do not underestimate themselves, or the rôle they are to fill in the conquest of Asia. For those who might feel inclined to question Japan's ability to march her armies across that continent, mobilizing Korean and Chinese legions on the way, historians of the Imperial University at Tokio are ready with significant citation of the daring career of Hideyoshi, the Napoleon Bonaparte of Japan. Just one hundred years after Columbus set sail from Genoa, Hideyoshi carried out a successful invasion of Korea. Whereupon, marshaling a still mightier army, he planned the conquest of the whole Celestial Empire. His death on the eve of embarkation changed the destiny of Asia and probably of the entire world. Ten years ago, and three centuries after the death of that Japanese Napoleon, the armed descendants of the hordes he trained for war defeated the Mongolian Empire and emerged from the conflict with a title to a coveted peninsula in Eastern Asia. That

title the powers, at the instance of superior Russian statesmanship, forced Japan to surrender.

No previous act so poignantly stung the sensitive pride of the people of that little empire. Upon receipt of the unwelcome intelligence at Tokio forty officers in the imperial army unhesitatingly committed suicide. It was the first thing in the history of the empire that bore the semblance of defeat. Japan had conquered a foe infinitely greater in population and domain. Forty millions had put four hundred millions to flight; and yet the Sunrise Kingdom, though trailing clouds of glory, had to abandon every inch of mainland it had gained, and retire to its ancient islands. Thereupon there entered into the designs of Japanese statesmanship a determination to build for a larger future, wherein Japan would be enabled not only to regain what had been lost, but to rise to such a military ascendancy in Asia that, instead of accepting terms, it could dictate them.

Had Russian diplomats given half as much study to the unconquerable and desperate determination in the Japanese temperament as they have to meeting and mastering the idiosyncrasies of less inscrutable and far less ambitious races, they would have warned the Czar and his ministers that beneath the polite reticence of the seemingly acquiescent Japanese, and despite their engaging genuflexions, there lurked a determination to have revenge, volcanic in the intensity and certainty of its ultimate outburst.

No nation ever went forth to battle with a deeper determination to succeed, or with a more consuming patriotism. Peasants have stopped smoking, that their mites may help to reinforce the sinews of war. The Japanese women have stopped buying obis, that they may contribute to the great cause. Wives in Japan are divorcing their husbands starting for the front, lest their heroes, during the hardships of

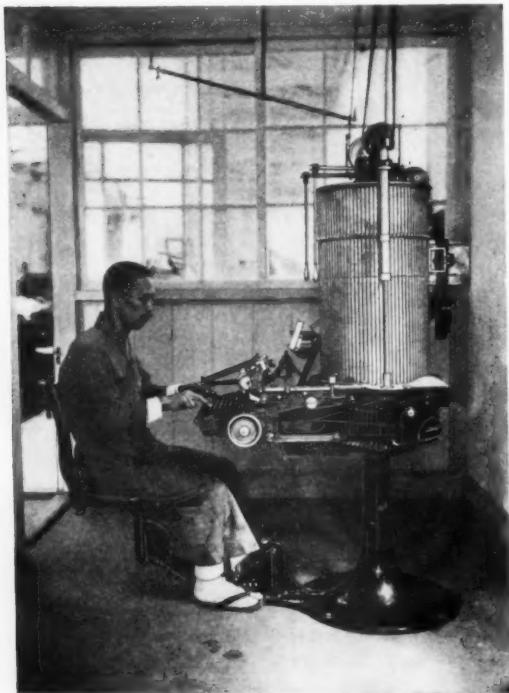
campaigns and the realities of carnage, should sigh for the safety of home and for the diversions around the domestic hibachi. In the martial code of Japan it is greater honor to die in battle than to survive a conflict. The names of the living members of the rank and file are unknown; the names of those who die on the field of action are posted on the walls of the Imperial Palace. It is there announced that they gave their lives for their Mikado, and thenceforth their families glory in special honors conferred. Japanese citizens whose application to enlist is denied or deferred often make public exhibition of their sincerity by committing suicide. Fathers, receiving tidings from the front of the death of sons, invite friends to celebrate the glorious sacrifice in generous and patriotic libations of sake or champagne.

The initial naval victories of the

Japanese at Port Arthur and Chemulpo greatly stimulated national feeling. In impressive silence the empire had gone to war. There was deep anger, but it was coolly calculating. Then came the news of victory, the first outcome of the long-prophesied conflict of the East with the West. Asia had triumphed over Europe, and Japan went mad. The populace, customarily stoical to the point of incredible stolidity, crowded the streets and howled with tumultuous exultation. At night long lantern processions flashed a finale to the extraordinary expression of Oriental feeling.

Thereafter though patriotism, as displayed in the grimmer tests of parting and renunciation, burned with increasing flame, there was little outward sign of it. Thousands of troops were starting daily from Tokio; but the time they

were to take the train was not announced, and the destination of these regiments was unknown even to the men themselves. "Certain troops started yesterday to certain points" was the uncommunicative character of the only news that could pass the vigilant censor. So far as the Japanese press was concerned, however, there was little inclination, even if there had been opportunity, to publish the details of military movements in these opening days of the war. Every native inhabitant of Japan regards himself as part of either the offensive or defensive strength of the army. The fact that the Mikado enjoined secrecy was a sufficient censorship without drastic enforcement to produce silence throughout the empire. But for the presence in Tokio of a hundred or more war correspondents from abroad,



A TYPE-SETTING MACHINE IN JAPAN



ADVERTISING IN JAPAN

THIS METHOD OF STREET ADVERTISING BY BANNER, BAND, AND "BARKER" IS COMMON IN JAPANESE CITIES

roaring protest in a hotel, or temporarily appeasing martial impatience by responding to polite summons to conciliatory banquets spread by Japanese noblemen and diplomats, there was little to indicate that the great army and navy of Japan was on the firing line, and that the populace, as well as statesmen, realized that the war was the most momentous crisis in the history of the empire.

No one in Japan, not even the war correspondent impatiently sniffing the battle from afar, was disposed to criticize the masterly silence which attended the movement of regiments to the front. For some of these militant journalists, hurrying across the American continent, Pacific liners had been held at San Francisco. The influence that could alter the hour of sailing from our Western metropolis could not force the slightest favor from Tokio.

Not for a moment did the Japanese cease to be consummately polite; but after two months of courteous and soft-spoken assurances of esteem on the part of the Japanese authorities, embattled journalism was still raging and imagining

vain things in Japan's capital, a thousand miles from the nearest skirmish line of war. There were no correspondents at the front. The news that flamed into unsubstantial sensation from treaty ports was founded on strange tales that floated thither on Chinese junks and sampans. The actual history of the first months of conflict has not been penned. Many foreigners in the Orient believe that the story of the Russo-Japanese war will never be accurately told.

Japan's quiet determination to conduct its campaigns without the slightest capitulation to the powerful press of Europe and America evoked much admiration among foreigners. Even the correspondents, unwillingly detained in the paths of peace, could not help standing amazed at the unscalable wall which Asiatic alertness had suddenly erected around the entire field of its vast military operations. The journalists were free enough to venture toward Korea, to haunt the country in the wake of moving armies, or to swarm in the treaty ports. But nothing of actual information could be cabled, and even

THE SCARCITY OF FERTILE LAND IN JAPAN COMPELS HIGHLY INTENSIVE CULTIVATION; IN CERTAIN DISTRICTS THE AVERAGE IS SEVENTEEN WORKERS TO THE ACRE.

WHY JAPAN SEEKS EXPANSION



correspondence mailed from Japanese or Korean points was forwarded by way of Tokio for official inspection. The Japanese Government would not guarantee protection to any correspondent who pushed toward forbidden zones. Military experts from abroad, coming as the accredited students of strategy from the war departments of the leading powers, were similarly denied the privilege of accompanying the army of Japan.

The foreign business world in the Far East, looking to the larger future, contends that this non-committal military program is simply a dramatic counterpart of that long-standing and comprehensive secrecy which has been laying the foundation for Japan's commercial and political dominion in the Eastern continent.

Foreigners recall that, at the outbreak of the Chinese-Japanese War, Japanese business clubs in the trading centres of China turned out to be not clubs at all, but headquarters of the powerful, superbly organized secret-service system of Japan. These "clubs" were closed, ostensibly, during the war; but upon the restoration of peace were reopened, and have been remarkably active during the ensuing decade. Thousands of military men have been assigned during that time to secret-service in China. In Tokio a secret society of Asiatic scholars has been busily at work, under the direction of the Japanese Government, translating into Chinese books calculated to awaken in the minds of the masses of the Celestial Empire a love of scientific learning, a conception of Western methods, and above all a profound respect for the Mikado and his people as the appointed leaders of the Orient.

These translated volumes have been circulated freely throughout the Celestial Empire. The labor has not been exerted without reward. China is already looking to Japan as its deliverer. The thousands of Japanese teachers in

China, and the thousands of Chinese students in Japan, are bringing about an intercommunication of thought, an international merging of standards, and ambitions fraught with great possibilities to the future of both empires. It is obvious to the business men in the Orient that the right hand of Japan, reaching out for the friendship of the Occident, is not letting Western nations know the great things its left hand is doing.

One of the outspoken purposes of the present conflict is, as quoted, the inclusion of the Kinchow peninsula in a Japanese sphere of influence, and the permanent occupation by Japan of a large part of eastern Asia. Commercial men in the East who have had occasion to study the Mikado's far-seeing subjects, point out that it is not in the temperament of this race nor in keeping with the traditions of Japanese diplomacy to give expression, at the outset of war or negotiations, to anything but a fractional part of what the country purposes in the end to demand.

Opportunity has been offered me in Japan of bringing this business apprehension to the attention of a British diplomat who is a deep student of commercial and political relations between the Orient and the West, and who, because of peculiarly intimate relations with Marquis Ito and other Japanese statesmen, has an inside view of the ambitions of the Sunrise Kingdom. He consented to discuss the situation because he believed the Anglo-American world should be informed as to the supreme issues involved, but for official reasons stipulated that his name be withheld.

"These trading houses," he observed, "are not only right, but are extremely conservative in their fears. Japan is not only carefully planning a complete commercial mastery of the Orient, but has already made a start toward that achievement. To what extent Japanese shrewdness will outwit competition

is a matter for the future to decide. The dominating trade of many foreign firms contesting with Japanese alertness may be some augury of things to come. Certain it is that in the making of trade treaties thus far Japanese astuteness has outwitted Western statesmanship, so that instead of these covenants safeguarding Western investments and enterprises in Japanese treaty ports, there have grown out of these unsatisfactory stipulations so many vexatious problems that various foreign firms, such as fire and life insurance for example, are being forced out of business, and questions of taxation and other matters have now been carried to the tribunal of the Hague for international arbitration. An open-door policy is of little avail," he continued, "if the power that opens that door fixes hidden traps at the threshold."

Japan's avowed intention, he argued,

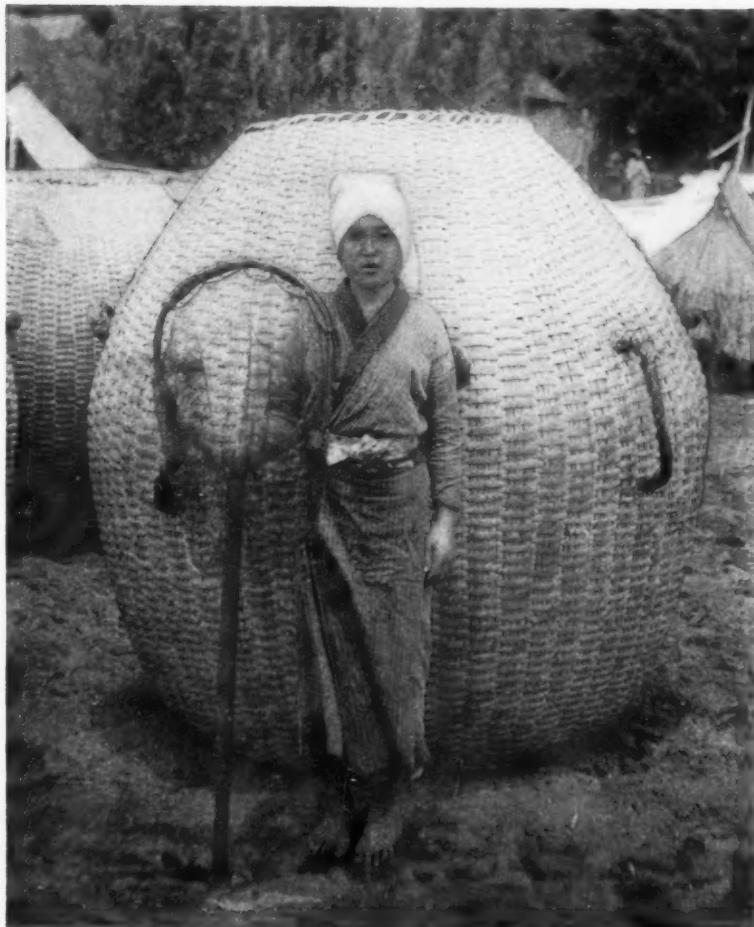
to open up the ports of Asia would still further foster the favorable sentiment that has been evoked by Japanese daring and victory. That gratitude, disarming opposition, would tend to further Japanese ambition to dictate Asiatic policy. If Japan, either through recognized political ascendancy or through a tacit understanding with China, succeeded in controlling or influencing the fiscal policy of the Celestial Empire, the same exasperating subtleties and not infrequent instances of official evasion that now characterize customs and other administration in Japan may gravely hamper the commerce of the world with eastern Asia.

Japan, until it became very powerful and rich, would not, he felt certain, take any step to arouse the opposition of other powers. The Japanese policy, which was a national expression of the individual Japanese character, was the



THE GROWING DEMAND FOR AMERICAN FLOUR

THE PHOTOGRAPHER HAS POSED THE CHILDREN EATING BUNS MADE FROM WHEAT FLOUR



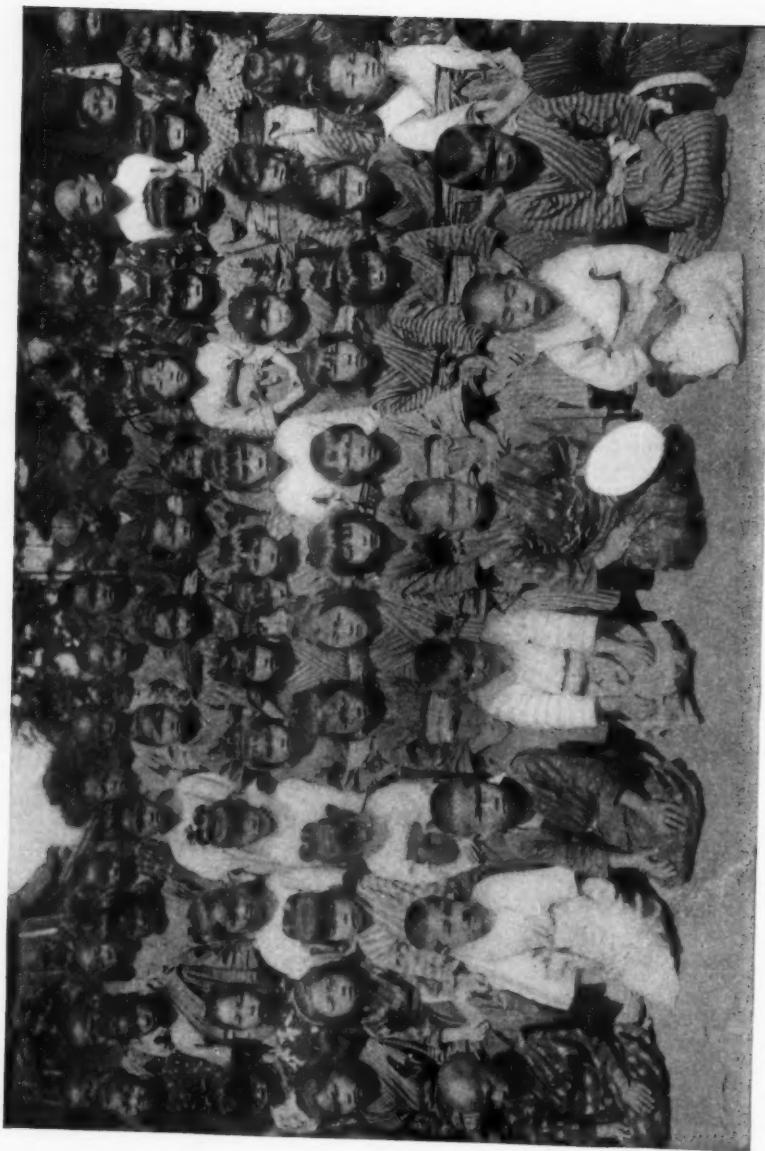
A FISHER-GIRL FROM THE NORTH

antipodes of the Russian. Russia has gloried in the spell and shadow it has cast over the world. Japan, on the other hand, has courted sympathy and coöperative cheers, all the while in its secret councils planning a far-reaching campaign designed to make the nation paramount in the East.

This diplomat was convinced that great assistance had been given Japan in its career of expansion by Secretary Hay's note of February 10, asking that

hostilities be confined within as small an area as possible and that the neutrality and administrative entity of China be respected. He argued that, if at the close of the war, a victorious Japan found an undismembered China at its side, the ascendancy of Japanese influence and civilization in Asia would not be long delayed. What Japan wanted, he said, was a "stand pat" policy among the powers. Unimpeded, the Japanese themselves would accomplish

JAPAN'S RISING GENERATION—A COUNTRY SCHOOL



all necessary results in China—at least all the reformation required to establish the commercial triumph of New Japan.

Nor did this statesman believe that a descent of ambitious nations upon Asia would defeat Japan's purpose. Before a new Europe could be installed in Eastern Asia and aggressive boundaries permanently outlined and agreed upon, Japan's secret influence in China would be supreme. Secretary Hay's note made the progress toward that dominion far easier than it could otherwise be. The Japanese leadership of Asia was, in his opinion, an inevitable destiny. He called attention to facts which intellectual Japan continually delights to recite, viz., that Chinese students, many of them sons of influential mandarins, are diligently studying in the Imperial University of Japan, in the Higher Commercial College of Tokio—also a government institution—and at the University of Waseda in the suburbs of the Japanese capital. Within another generation, he said, many of these young Chinamen, now imbibing their political and commercial ideas from Japanese instructors, and forming intimate ties with Japan, would be holding the reins of government in the Celestial Empire. He also reiterated the fact that Japanese teachers are taking an important part in the educational system of China, that Japanese patriots are at work incognito among the Chinese masses, and that Japanese officers are drilling the regiments of that empire. And he predicted that, although it would come slowly, Japanese ascendancy in China would finally be complete.

I asked him if he did not foresee that the trade ambitions of America, when finally aroused, would stay the advance of Japan in Asia, however cunningly planned that scheme of commercial dominion might be.

"Not at all," he replied. "America has developed a firm and commendable treaty policy as regards Asia, and up to this time, and perhaps for some time to

come, the powers will give heed. But America lacks the navy to enforce her demands, should a great war grow out of this conflict. Japan, as well as the other powers, knows this. Japanese statesmen have talked to me about America's unreadiness for war. Any conflict with the superior fleets of European powers would keep the United States so busy in Atlantic waters that Japan would have an undisputed right of way in the Far East, so far as the United States was concerned. In my opinion, and in the opinion of many statesmen with whom I have discussed the situation, America needs at least forty-five or fifty first-class battleships to maintain peace for the large international commerce she is ambitious to control."

Thinking that perhaps this opinion of America's present inability was the traditional British under-estimate of American strength, I asked this influential Englishman if Great Britain, despite its alliance with Japan, would not, in the event of evidence of Japanese commercial usurpation of the rich spoils of China, take such a firm stand that the Mikado's kingdom would be sufficiently curbed to permit the continued and regular expansion of international trade interests in Asia.

"Great Britain unaided, despite her great naval strength," he said, "could not succeed in establishing a permanent peace in the Far East. She would stir up the deepest antagonism of the whole world. England's historic policy of annexing all available domain awaiting civilized exploitation would naturally arouse all competing powers to the most intense counter-activity, should we attempt to solve by force the grave trade and political problems of the Orient."

Asked if he could foresee any possible permanent settlement of the complicated issue of Asia which should result not only in the appearances of peace, but which could check the clandestine Oriental diplomacy which—as generally



WESTERNIZING JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE
BUILDING A BANK IN YOKOHAMA, 1904

believed by all foreigners in that section of the earth—is laying the foundation for the greatest commercial dominion the world has witnessed, he replied that, in his opinion, there is but one solution of this problem—a confederation of the two great English-speaking nations.

Sentiment in favor of an Anglo-American alliance prevails throughout the Far East among American and British business houses. There, where the readjustments of a world are taking place and the foundations of new imperial ambitions are being laid, it is imperative that the powers which are ambitious to maintain their prestige in the fellowship of nations should secure a foothold which neither the movements of organized empires nor the possible uprising of irresponsible millions can ever dislodge. And in the opinion of

the civilized East, there is but one power that can, in the great future, prevail against awakening Asia, and that is an Anglo-American federation.

In the early part of March rumor reached Tokio that a secret commercial treaty had been concluded between the United States and Great Britain. The tidings created jubilant comment. "If this is true," said one leading importer, "it is the greatest thing that has taken place in the interests of the development of the Orient since Perry anchored his flotilla in the Bay of Yeddo and dispatched the American ultimatum to the shot-guns of Japan."

While Americans and Britons are exchanging ambitious speculations regarding Anglo-Saxon possibilities in the Orient, Japan is dealing with the realities of the situation. The Japanese

ambassador had scarcely checked his baggage from St. Petersburg before Russian war-ships were sent to the bottom of the Yellow Sea. While the world shouted itself hoarse over that victory, Japan floated the banner of the Sun over the capital of Korea. Before the Western nations had realized the significance of the Korean Emperor's agreement to follow for all time the political dictation of the Mikado and his councilors, Marquis Ito, "the Bismarck of the East," started for Seoul. It is the talk of Tokio that the doings of the Hermit Emperor will hardly rise above the dignity of foot-notes in the history yet to be written of the Mongolian movement.

Ito is old, but his spirit permeates the kingdom. The passion for empire-building has been awakened, inspiring

the army and navy on the firing line, as well as the council chambers of far-seeing statesmen in the capital of Japan, and flaming in the defiant columns of the press of that empire.

The Western nations do not dream of the imperial ambitions of this awakened Eastern empire. Hitherto carefully reticent in regard to her great projects, Japan has now since its triumphal issue with Russian ironclads given voice, through its statesmen and inspired press, to its determination to exercise a controlling influence in shaping the destinies of Asia.

The Japanese *War News*, published in English, at Tokio, said, in its issue of March 5, 1904 :

" There is no doubt whatever that when Japan emerges victorious out of the great struggle she has entered upon, her position in the estimation of the outside world will greatly rise. None will deny the fact that we easily beat China in the war of 1894-5, took the world by surprise, and the Western nations, which up to that time regarded

Japan as a semi-civilized country, began to take her seriously. It was chiefly due to the brilliant achievement of our arms that our Government was able to secure the treaty revision, to which the Western nations had formerly presented an obstinate opposition. Still the real strength of our country was not recognized by them, it being their mistaken conclusion that our success was due to China's hopeless weakness rather than to our substantial strength. Japan continued to remain in their estimation a power which was merely strong and progressive as an Asiatic nation, but which was no equal of a European power. In other words, they still thought that when met by a country of the white race she would suffer a crushing defeat.

" This delusion will be entirely shattered if Japan defeats Russia, a country which has been regarded as one of the mightiest powers, if not the mightiest, in the world. In that case Japan will begin to be treated with real respect, and the advantage she will be able to



A CHARCOAL STORE

CHARCOAL, HERE SHOWN WRAPPED IN RICE STRAW BUNDLES, IS THE UNIVERSAL DOMESTIC FUEL IN JAPAN

AN EMBROIDERY FACTORY, TOKIO

WHERE OUR JAPANESE SCREENS COME FROM



reap out of it politically, economically, and socially, will be incomparably great.

"Another moral effect, of perhaps still greater importance, of Japan's victory, will be the awakening of whole Asia. It has been erroneously and grievously believed by all the Oriental peoples that the yellow race is by nature an inferior of the white race. In fact it has been their foregone conclusion that they could never become an equal of a Western nation in whatever activity of human life. This idea was fatal to their intellectual and moral development and was primarily the cause of their resignation to the position of slavish dependency, in which they are at present.

"Let Japan defeat Russia and show to them that an Oriental nation can become an equal, nay even a superior, of an Occidental nation, and then the entire Oriental nations will be inspired with new hope and courage by Japan's example, awake from their long stupor and endeavor to develop themselves. China will resuscitate, India will revive, Korea, Siam, and the Philippines will rise up. In fact the rejuvenation of whole Asia is possible."

What gives peculiar significance to Japan's self-imposed rôle as the awakener of Asia is its unique claim that Oriental character and standards are superior to those of the West, and should prevail in all Asia. This attitude cannot but give Japan unrivaled prestige in the Celestial Empire whose people, having for centuries held aloof from the "barbarians" of the West, will gladly welcome a racial ally having dash and plausibility, and above all the armament to maintain an argument in support of the assumption that the West is inferior to the East.

People in America and England make a serious mistake in imagining Japan to be sitting modestly at the feet of Western learning. Within the last decade there has been a decided reaction in Japan. While still eagerly ambitious to avail itself of every Western utility that

will contribute to the national advancement of the empire, there is a deeply rooted conviction that Japan's fundamental standards are far superior to Occidental ideals, and that it is the duty of the Sunrise Kingdom to see to it that all Asia be preserved against the wholesale introduction of Western institutions. Foreigners in the employ of Japan are rapidly being dispensed with. Recently there has arisen a wide-spread protest against the movement toward the Romanization of the literature of the country. Roman characters on silver and copper coins have been replaced by ancient Mongolian ideographs. In the upper house of the Imperial Diet the introduction into the empire of the metric system was opposed, not long ago, on the ground that to admit the need of such an innovation would reflect discredit on the mathematical ability and commercial standards of the nation. There has been a marked reversion to the Japanese dress, a revival of Japanese games, a glorification of Japanese antiquities, and, still more significant, an outspoken conviction that while the West has mechanics and science to give to the East, there is little in its essential civilization that the Japanese want or would accept.

"Our empire has salted all the seas that have flowed into it," said a Japanese university professor to me. "The West cannot hope to Christianize Japan when our ambition is to Japanize Christianity, and to carry the new doctrines, the gospel of rational ethics, to the millions of Asia and, in time, to all the world. We shall go to China—in fact we are already there—with a harmonious blending of the best precepts in Buddhism, Confucianism, Bushido, Brahminism, Herbert Spencer, Christianity, and other systems of thought, and we shall, I think, have little trouble in awakening the naturally agnostic mind of the Chinese to the enlightenment of modern free thought. What the Far East needs is a religion as



GOVERNMENT RAILWAY FREIGHT SHEDS, TOKIO

modern as machinery. We have had more gods than were good for us. We believe that a cosmopolitan gospel, tolerating the existence, but minimizing the potency of prayers, offerings, shrines, temples, churches, litanies, and gods, and dwelling more on the time that now is and the relation of man to man, will create a wonderful reformation in Asia. We confidently believe that it has been assigned to Japan to lead the world in this new intellectual era in the progress of mankind."

Commercial America would have little occasion to consider this phase of Japanese expansion but for the fact that it promises to obtain for that empire a footing and domination in the Confucian Kingdom, which will pave the way for a trade conquest more comprehensive than even a military invasion could secure.

The belief that Japan is to be the intellectual leader of Asia is not confined to the educated classes in Japan. An exalted opinion of the rôle their country is to fill animates even the least literate peasant in the Sunrise Kingdom.

And the conviction that Fate's imperative mandate to Japan is to carry modern rationalism into Asia gains additional inspiration through the realization that, by so doing, not only will that continent be emancipated from superstition, but will be saved from coming under intellectual subjugation to Western powers.

Although Japan is building temples and shrines and sustaining ancient ceremonials, they are more an expression of estheticism than religion. Pilgrimages to altars, instead of assuming the gloom of funereal fanaticism, take on the merriment of holiday affairs. It is a pious festival which bears all the visible delights of a successful picnic.

Religious intolerance is not one of the demerits of Japan. A Buddhist devotee is perfectly content to pause and pay devotions at a Shinto shrine. Christianity is rejected, the Japanese contend, not because it conflicts with the ancient creeds of Asia, but because it is itself a faith—Oriental in origin—which the Orient has finally outgrown.

Believing, therefore, that Japan has

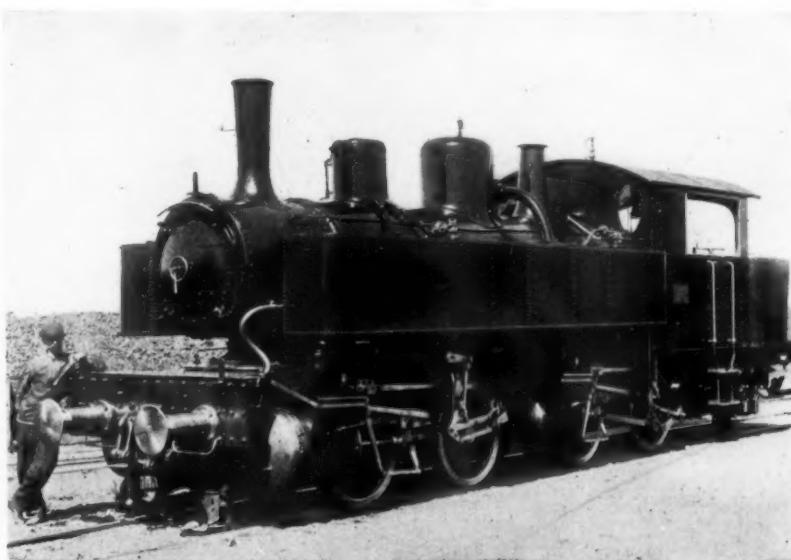
developed philosophically far beyond Christian powers, and that it is that country's duty to bring rational salvation to the Celestial Empire, the Japanese people contend that ultimately they will be justified in establishing their sway in Asia.

These are the facts: (1) that China is disposed to heed, and is, in reality, already accepting the teachings of her island neighbor; and (2) that Japan regards it as a mandate of duty to impart this instruction; and (3) that these lessons which China is to receive include astutely-presented reasoning that Oriental standards of life, and indeed Oriental intellect and character, are superior to anything the West can give. And these facts are of the gravest importance to the Occidental world, since they are opening the highway for the Japanese commercial invasion of Asia which alert traders and manufacturers of Japan sanguinely predict.

This belief in Japan's mission to carry the gospel of rationality to the whole

yellow race, and finally to the world, forms a large part of the conviction that the military movement of Japan toward the West is the genesis of an advance which shall make Japan the most conspicuously progressive nation among the powers. Japan's most diplomatic statesmen cannot conceal this conviction that the propaganda of agnosticism, with which Japan confidently expects to rejuvenate Asia, is vastly superior to anything that has come out of the West. Marquis Ito stated that religion of any kind is a form of superstition and "therefore a possible source of weakness to a nation"; and so he welcomed the tendency to free thought and atheism, "now almost universal in Japan," as an evidence of that superior progress which was to be expected of the alert Japanese mind.

The American business world may well take into consideration the idea now proclaimed by the leaders of Japan that, just as all the great religions in the world originated in the Orient and



MADE IN GERMANY

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES ARE WIDELY USED
IN JAPAN, BUT THE GERMAN ENGINES ARE MOST COMMON

swept westward, so there has now started in the Far East a new wave of thought which is destined finally to reform the world, and primarily to amalgamate the yellow millions. Their minds once unfettered, they will, the Japanese believe, recognize both their rights and their power, and will demand of the nations revision of the commercial and political covenants that have held them in virtual subjection. In this awakening Japan denies the possibility

rejecting all that was spurious in these lands as well as in her own, would ultimately result in benefit to the very countries from whom Japan had borrowed. It was his country's ambition, he said, not only to protect a tottering empire from falling, but to become the patron and teacher of the whole civilized world.

This spirit now dominates the army, recruited almost entirely from descendants of the old chivalric samurai, and



A TYPICAL COUNTRY VILLAGE

of a Yellow Peril. "The Yellow Renaissance," said an educated Japanese in Tokio, "will imperil the injustice and outworn creeds of the West, not its civilization."

Count Okuma, while admitting that in learning, arts, education, politics, military system, and all other public administration Japan had assimilated the best that America, England, France, and Germany could offer, said that his country's adoption of this civilization,

readily carried away with enthusiasm for a great cause. They are fighting for that Greater Japan, which, as they enthusiastically sing:

"shall last
Till a million years have passed,"

and which shall take her place in history as the enlightened teacher of mankind.

Harold Bollee

A QUESTION OF STAYING POWER

THE COMPARATIVE RESOURCES OF RUSSIA AND JAPAN

BY N. T. BACON

So far the war in the Far East has shown no developments outside of the broad lines supposed to mark the probabilities before hostilities began. The Japanese have the advantage on sea, but this was expected; and they were also expected to win the first successes on land. The Russians have announced that they believe the war will last two years, and the Japanese that they are prepared for a six years' struggle. So that the question bids fair to become one of endurance, which will tell on all the hidden weaknesses of either side. An examination of the resources of both therefore becomes of interest.

For a long time money has been known as the sinews of war, though latterly its place has been taken largely by credit. A national debt seems to be almost the *sine qua non* of an independent nation. In fact Bolivia and Siam appear to be the only civilized or semi-civilized countries not provided with one. To pay for her modern luxuries, such as an army, a navy, shipyards and railroads, and also for the expense of her war with China, Japan has had to draw heavily on the future. Ever since 1895 the Japanese have foreseen that war with Russia was inevitable sooner or later, and have been making expensive preparations for it. Their indebtedness is estimated to have been raised by such expenditures to about \$550,000,000 at the outbreak of the war. Though Japan is reckoned a poor country, more than four-fifths of this debt is supposed

to be owned at home, so that the burden of interest to go abroad—the real criterion in time of war—is probably not over \$5,000,000 a year to meet government borrowings; and the policy of the government for many years has been so steadily to discourage foreign enterprises in Japan that there is little to add to this for private indebtedness. A large loan, recently offered to defray war expenses, was over-subscribed several times in Japan, so that it is plain that the government still has important resources at home, and will not need foreign loans at once.

On the other hand, an estimate published in the *Yale Review* for August, 1903, indicated the total indebtedness of the Russian government as more than \$4,200,000,000, mainly owned abroad; and that investments of all kinds in Russia by foreigners would probably raise the annual burden of tribute from Russia to other lands—principally to France—to the enormous total of \$135,000,000, making a yearly charge to foreigners of about one dollar per head of population versus ten cents for Japan—and probably Russia is the poorer of the two countries. Its borrowings have been squandered in large measure, while Japan's have been most economically used. For several years, moreover, apparently Russia has had to borrow on the average \$60,000,000 a year to meet her foreign interest. Here is an important advantage for the smaller country, especially if war is to be long

drawn out ; but after all one that is apt to be over-estimated, as it was in January by a French economist of standing, who showed, as he thought conclusively, that Japan would not go to war with Russia because Japan had tried in vain to place a loan in London, and had not sufficient funds.

It has been said that no nation that was really anxious to go to war was ever held back by its poverty. Two nations more thoroughly bankrupt than Greece and Turkey would be hard to find, and yet they managed to secure the means for a sharp campaign a few years ago. Venezuela and Colombia, also, maintain a pretty constant series of revolutions. In fact, Russia seems likely to argue with her creditors that they cannot afford to see Russia defeated, and that therefore it is to their interest to lend her more money at this crisis. Many of them will doubtless hesitate before sending good money after bad, but probably the argument will be effective with some. There is little doubt in my mind that, unless it results in a Russian triumph, this war will be made an excuse for deferring interest on Russian bonds, or for paying it in paper. Russia has in bank vaults at home or abroad something like \$400,000,000 in gold as a guarantee-fund for a larger amount of paper money in circulation, and of course this is available for immediate necessities in the way of ammunition and other requisites. Seven years ago, after years of depreciation, Russian paper money was put on a gold basis by an arbitrary reduction of the gold ruble to two-thirds of its former weight, and since then it has been maintained at par by keeping a gold reserve equivalent. The Russians have learned to prefer paper to gold, just as we do ; and the government profits by this to the extent of saving the wear on the coinage, and by a small amount of interest allowed by the foreign bankers with whom much of the reserve is deposited, and again by about

\$150,000,000 which are only half covered by gold deposits. But it seems probable that failure of the attempt to place abroad a loan for \$200,000,000 at four per cent.—which Russia asked for in vain a few weeks before the war broke out, and is now asking for again at five per cent.—will be followed by secret inroads on the gold reserve or unprotected issues of paper money, which will ruin their credit. In the last few days we have reports that the Czar has turned over to the treasury, to abate immediate distress, \$100,000,000 from his private fortune. Probably this is a great exaggeration, but, even without reference to foreign interest bills, this sum will only cover the cost of modern warfare for a few weeks. One million dollars a day is a small allowance where 500,000 men are to be maintained in the field five thousand miles from the main source of supplies. To be sure, everything in Russia is nominally at the disposal of the Czar, and the railroads belong mainly to the State, so that little compensation has to be paid to them ; but supplies must be had to take the place of those used up. As it is, a majority of the Russian people are accustomed to a lack of sufficient food in winter. Generally they have enough to support life, but scarcely a year passes without reports of actual famine somewhere in the empire, as last year in Finland, and the year before on the lower Volga. The crops of 1902 were the best Russia has ever known, and those of 1903 were nearly as good in European Russia, and it is possible that there may be less distress in consequence ; but the needs of the government had forced the export of so much grain that probably there will not be much difference. Probably there is great distress at present in Siberia. The Trans-Siberian railroad had enabled western Siberia to build up a great trade—exporting butter to England. Two years ago they were exporting one million dollars' worth a month, but the closing of the railroad to

private business must have cut this off entirely, leaving the dairy farms without any market. Two years ago the Czar was warned that the limit of taxation had been reached. Plainly the war will require great sacrifices, and it is a question to what extent the people will tolerate being deprived of the necessities of life.

This brings us to consider what after all, in a long struggle, is the most fundamental point—namely, the character of the people. Numerous articles about the Japanese have appeared of late. Although there are among them distinct remains of aboriginal races, still on the whole probably no population in the world of similar size is as homogeneous. Except for the thinly populated island of Saghalin, seized by Russia thirty years ago—for which Russia gave to Japan as a nominal equivalent the barren Kurile Islands—and for the Island of Formosa, taken from China in 1895, the territory of Japan has been the same for a thousand years. The island empire is densely populated by a frugal and industrious race, whose religion consists in the idealized patriotism known as Shintoism, or the doctrine of self-sacrifice, which is the essence of Buddhism, each teaching the laying down of property and life for friend or country as the highest act of devotion possible. Alone among outside nations they have succeeded in grasping European civilization in one generation without being demoralized by it; and the individual adaptability which they show is surprising.

On the other hand, the Russian population is perhaps the most mixed of all nations, and is made up in large measure of conquered peoples who still remember their overthrow with bitterness. Probably not far from one-third of the whole—from forty to fifty millions—are true Muscovites. These are centrally located, and are much more numerous than any one of the disaffected elements, so serving to maintain the

arbitrary rule of the Czar's ministers, each of whom is practically supreme in his own department. This independent supremacy of the different ministers is one of the main causes of Russian bad faith. Almost always some intrigue is on foot, of one group against another, as when recently the Minister of the Interior forced Minister Witte to resign the portfolio of finance. Not long before Witte had said that he could be Minister of the Interior if he wanted to, but that he had a better job. The Minister of Foreign Affairs is unable to fulfil his promises on this account, and even the Czar is practically powerless before ministerial opposition. He has no means of keeping himself informed as to whether his instructions are carried out, in a land where all the newspapers are under the censorship of the Interior Department. This opposition is sometimes so open that he is said to have arisen recently in a rage at the council of ministers, demanding: "Am I Czar, or am I not?"

Around the central Muscovites are grouped Lapps, Finns, Germans, Lithuanians, Poles, Little Russians, Ruthenians, Roumanians, Greeks, Georgians, and Tartars, with Jews and Gipsies scattered through the South and West. These are all in European Russia, and this is nothing to the medley in Asiatic Russia, where there is an almost endless variety of races. Each of the races mentioned speaks a different tongue, and there are at least six different religions among them, without counting sectaries, such as the Dukhobors. Over all these the Russian Church has been exercising a steady pressure, more or less galling according to circumstances, to bring them into what is known as the Orthodox Fold, though with small results other than mutual exasperation. Bitter political hatred of Russia burns fiercely among the Finns, Poles, and Armenians; while symptoms of active revolt are reported among Georgians and Turcomans along the Asiatic front-

tier. If all the elements in the Russian empire which hate its tyranny could be brought to work together, the empire would crumble in a month; but many of these hate their neighbors even more than they do the Russians. Besides hatred for the Russians, few of them have any common interests, except in some cases the same religion, so that there is little chance of their acting together. The Pole oppresses the hated Jew, while the Lutheran German despises the Catholic Pole, and the Finn hates all the Slavonic races, Ruthenians and Little Russians as well as Poles and Muscovites. Nowhere, except possibly in the Turkish Empire and in Austria, can such racial antipathies be found under the same rule. A slight feeling of cohesion does draw the Slavonic races together, based on the idea of a union which should make them the arbiters of the world. This is known as Pan-Slavism, and the only possibility for it lies in Russian supremacy. The Pole hates the Russian less than either Prussian or Austrian, and for decades Russian intrigue has been trying to turn this to account, as well as the hatred of the Turk which animates the Slavs of the Balkans. Hatred between neighbors of different races has been Russia's most useful means for extending her sway; but many of the peoples absorbed into the empire would be glad to return to the old tyranny, from which they thought they were escaping. Conspicuous among these are the Christian Armenians, who now seem as anxious to get back under Turkish rule as thirty years ago they were to be taken into Russia. Russia has confiscated their church fund, said to amount to over \$10,000,000, on the ground that it was being used for nationalist purposes, and that Russia could tolerate no *imperium in imperio*. She has also forbidden them to emigrate, but nevertheless they are sifting through the mountain passes without passports, or with forged ones—forgery of passports is a widely spread

industry in Russia—and the government is at a loss to prevent it.

Two years ago the Mohammedan Tartars likewise started to emigrate to Turkey, but they lived further from the frontier, and the movement was stopped by refusing passports. In theory no one in Russia is allowed to spend the night thirty miles from home without a passport, but in practice it is difficult generally to distinguish a forged one from the genuine, and an army of tramps manages to keep moving—sometimes in the guise of pilgrims, who are held in high estimation. The pilgrimages to Jerusalem and to Kieff are really a serious drain on the country.

Such an atmosphere of hatred is not a good one in which to ask for self-denial among the people, but it is astounding to what abuse Russians will submit without a murmur. A cook asked leave of absence over Easter. His master refused it, saying that he was going to have company over Easter and wanted extra work instead. The cook then said he would leave at once, and asked for his pay, as he was entitled to under Russian law. He was told to go to the courtyard and wait until his master came. In the yard he was seized by two grooms, and tied up and whipped till he agreed to stay over Easter. I asked why he did not complain, and was laughed at. Who would pay any attention to the complaint of a servant against his master? From 1767 to 1861 it was against the law for a servant to make such a complaint. If he had been a factory hand it might have been otherwise. The government is now bent on pampering factory hands, but this was only a house servant. Both Russian servants and Russian workmen are so bad that when one knows them one has some sympathy for the employer, too. It generally requires from five to ten men in a Russian factory to do the work done by one in this country, and they will not work at all unless there is a gilded

picture of some saint—known as an ikon—with a lamp burning in front of it. A friend who had sold a lot of machines to a Russian factory received a complaint that they were not doing well. He went over to investigate. In this country one boy tends four of those machines, but he found two men watching each one of them, and they were suffering for lack of a little attention.

With rare exceptions the Russian peasants are lacking in education, sobriety, industry, energy, and honesty. They have the characteristics of a race of slaves; and my own observation leads me to class them on the whole as on a lower stage than the negroes in our Southern States. They are so suspicious of anyone asking questions that frequently they will lie when it is to their interest to tell the truth, and they will use the greatest ingenuity in stealing and covering their tracks; but they so totally lack perseverance, as a rule, that it is difficult to turn their cunning to account. Some of these characteristics extend high up. At the time that the *Retvisan* and *Variag* were being built at the Cramps', another vessel was being built for the Japanese navy, and naval officers were here from both countries to supervise the work. An engineer who was detailed by the Cramps to look after the foreign officers told me that the Russians did little but drink, and seldom went near their vessels, while the Japanese watched every piece that went into construction and knew just what it was meant to accomplish. It is only such intimate knowledge that allows an intricate machine like a warship to be utilized to its full capacity.

The Russian is brave in the sense that he dreads death little more than the Japanese does. Ten years ago most of the people in several villages had themselves buried alive because they were in haste to escape to heaven from the misery they felt on earth, and suicide was a crime forfeiting heaven.

But this carelessness of life and passivity, which made Napoleon I consider the Russian an admirable soldier, does not suffice today when the chief duty of the soldier is to keep himself effective. Nowadays more and more responsibility falls on the individual, and for all this his training under an ultra-paternal government unfit him. The Russians lack self-reliance, so that scarcely a salesman in Russia will venture to make change without calculating the amount on a set of beads strung on parallel wires, known as an abacus, such as we sometimes see in Chinese laundries. On one of the rare occasions when one did it for me he gave me five rubles too much. Every book-keeper has one, also, to help him foot his columns.

Love of ostentation is the one motive which can generally be counted on to stir a Russian. This goes so far that when the head of a firm leaves for lunch he has to go around the office and formally shake hands with every one. If the office boy were omitted he would mope all the rest of the day. A curious thing about this is that in Russia hand-shaking is a comparatively recent development of the Anglo-mania, which has taken root where the English have been looked upon as arch-enemies for more than a century.

It should be said that the Cossacks are different from the mass of Russians. They are the descendants of several hordes of nomadic borderers who, for their services in repelling the Tartars, were allowed to remain in a kind of feudal independence, when the rest of the Russian peasants were reduced to servitude, on condition of rendering military service without pay, and furnishing their own arms and horses. As the result of receiving no pay they have become the most expert plunderers known. They are of almost pure Russian stock, but have become a kind of Bedouin, extremely expert on horseback, but not under much discipline, though of late years they have lost

many of their privileges and have been reduced to something more like order. They are not apt to make friends for Russia where they go.

No man can foresee what would be the result of a Russian overthrow, but probably it would be the signal for risings in many parts of the Empire, and therefore the Russian authorities do not dare make peace without the semblance of a victory.

If the rapid movement now supposed to be under way does not succeed, it looks as if the Japanese could only definitely overcome the Russians by help of the immense dead weight of the Chinese, who now show symptoms of wanting to move under Japanese guidance against the hated foreigner; but this is dreaded by so many besides the Russians that immense pressure is being brought to bear at Peking to prevent it. Failing this, it looks as if the war might drag on its weary length for months, and even years, with gradually increasing exhaustion and misery for both sides, until some kind of a compromise can be arranged, by which very likely Russia would keep Manchuria, and Japan Korea. If such a thing existed as an international bankruptcy court it is probable that the end would come soon through the financial failure of Russia; but failure to pay its obligations, for which the war would offer plausible excuse as a temporary expedient, would give so much relief to the overburdened empire as to go far towards offsetting the war. If any such measure is adopted, it will probably be a long time before payments in full are resumed.

At this date (April 22) Russian four per cent. bonds stand materially higher on the London market than Japanese fours, but for this two special reasons appear. The first is that at all the principal centres of Europe the Russian Ministry of Finance maintains highly paid agents, whose main duty is to puff the value of Russian securities at all times, and in particular to support the

market by buying in a few bonds whenever there threatens to be a break in their value. These agents are supposed to be independent of the department of foreign affairs. Russia has one in this country also. This has served to give the market price of Russian bonds a steadiness in extraordinary conditions—creating a fictitious value—and the prestige of it is still felt, though it has been impossible to sustain the bonds recently. The other reason is that the amount of Russian securities owned in Western Europe is so vast that a panic would necessarily follow any sudden break in their selling price, so that all the principal financiers in Europe are interested in trying to prevent a sudden collapse in their nominal value.

The Japanese government has never tried to place its loans abroad, unless very recently, and therefore has never resorted to artificial means to build up its credit. At the first outbreak of war the audacity of Japan in defying Russia took the holders of Japanese bonds by surprise, and the price of their securities fell much more rapidly than Russian bonds; but now the tendency of Japanese bonds is upward, while Russian bonds are falling. It will be interesting to watch the course of this index of their respective credits.

Though the scum of the cities—which have in all not ten per cent. of the population of Russia—is clamoring for vengeance, probably the bulk of the people know little and care less about the progress of the war. Very few of them can read, and there are probably great numbers of villages where a newspaper is never seen. On the whole, the advantage does not seem to be much in favor of Russia, in spite of the weight of numbers; and many think that it lies the other way.

N. J. Baer

A LEADER IN AMERICAN IMPRESSIONISM

BY ALBERT WINSLOW BARKER

Edmund C. Tarbell is a painter whose work must be taken into account by anyone who would make the briefest survey of American art, either in the light of results or as a matter of historic growth. He is one of the ablest of the painters in whom the so-called "impressionist" principles have remained in a state of consistent development since the tide swept over the country fifteen years ago. As practised by American painters, impressionism had almost as many definitions as disciples, and the ideas called impressionistic have seldom been reduced to a logical or coherent form. But the movement had an importance which must not be underestimated. The painters were themselves confused, and to the general public it meant a certain startling color-habit. Impressionism was in reality a protest with a color-habit annexed, and not intrinsically a color-habit.

Every picture that is painted is composed of two elements—of fresh and primitive observations, and of observations prompted and prejudiced by ideas lodged in the mind as a result of experience. Every now and again, in the history of art, the habit of observation has been neglected and perverted by the influence of previous experience. The painter, like the child who draws a house and then, through the walls, shows the family at dinner, draws not what he saw and as he saw it, but things unseen or at variance with what a true inspection would have revealed. We know that grass is of a certain

green color, but as a matter of observation, owing to the varying conditions of light and environment, it seldom, if ever, appears of that particular hue known as grass-green. This was the keynote of what was best in impressionism.

On the other hand, being a protest, it had the faults of a doctrine of protest. It laid stress on certain qualities at the expense of others. The impressionists were, as a rule, unreliable draftsmen, and Mr. Tarbell cannot always plead exception to the rule. His drawing is sometimes surprisingly good, but is not to be depended on. The foreshortened thigh in *A Girl with a Dog*, and the hands in *The Ring* are examples in point. Of incomplete draftsmanship *Reading by the Window* is an example, and other instances might be cited without difficulty.

If Mr. Tarbell were in this particular an isolated figure among the impressionists it would be noted with regret, and then passed as a personal limitation and of no further consequence. As a fault found in excess in the work of a whole group of men who have done inestimable service as teachers, it is a much more serious matter and one that is evidently not accidental. Neither is it, as the public is too apt to assume, a mark of wilful carelessness. In truth it is a phenomenon closely connected with that which is best in their work. To realize this it is worth while to analyze the nature of the sensation by which we see, and to resolve the phenomenon of appearance into its ele-



EDMUND C. TARBELL

ments. If we have been trained to look at nature as at a picture or, lacking that, will examine the image on the ground-glass of a camera, we will remember that the sensation of sight is produced by an image on the retina in the form of a group of juxtaposed illuminated areas. Now these illuminated areas have just four qualities, neither of which is wanting to any one of them. The first of these is its shape and placing, which used alone, as in an outline in one color, gives us form, proportion, linear perspective, etc. The second is color, or the *quality* of the light received from a given spot. The third is light-and-shade value, or the *quantity* of light received. The fourth quality is the character of the edge of any given area,—whether the transition to adjacent tones is abrupt or gradual, or is a combination of these. This last is a very important quality, one closely dependent on, and expressive of, texture and surface character. It will be seen that the first and fourth, giving proportion and texture, are more directly the result of the permanent construction and surface of objects, while the second and third are governed chiefly by the conditions of light and atmosphere, not resident in the object, and subject to great and continual change. The impressionist movement was a plea for the study of these changes, for the celebration of the effects and transformations wrought by the immaterial light on material objects. The impressionists were on solid ground in insisting on the importance of these shiftings and transmutations, and on the difference between "local color" and "color-impression." They also re-affirmed the obliteration of outline, of detail, and of continuity of construction as one of the effects of light and shadow. But granting all this, granting that an arm may be obliterated by a shadow, while the hand remains visible, the position and action of the hand should be true to the possibilities of the unseen arm. In nature,

too, in spite of the obliteration and cloudings due to the alchemy of light and color, the quality of the edge of tones at transition-points remains to indicate to us that flesh is flesh, and so forth. Impressionism retaught the changefulness of nature's guise and the importance of the imponderable factors of light and air in the mysterious illusions and dissolutions that are continually taking place. But in doing this it lost its hold on the fixed characteristics of the object itself; it laid too little stress on the stable and permanent facts of construction. Examine the forearm and wrist of the *Reading by the Window*; it is in texture like the loose folds of the bodice, and neither is satisfying. This absence of the quality of texture, of the just treatment of the transition of tones, is found running through some of the best of the work of today. Even Mr. Sargent occasionally fails at this point, and Miss Beaux is a conspicuous offender. On the other hand, Mr. Chase at his best, in still-life, as conspicuously succeeds. And it would not be just to Mr. Tarbell not to credit him with good drawing and good textures on occasion—as in parts, and the more important parts, of *The Venetian Blind* and *In the Orchard*.

Mr. Tarbell has not tied himself to the color-habit that is by many considered to be the essential mark of impressionism, and this ought to bring him nearer to a general audience. For while a picture may be painted in an unexpected tone with perfect truth—since literalness of color is no more desirable or possible than identity of dimension—yet, owing to long habit, a miniature, which is on an unusual scale, seems a more readable image of nature than does a picture in an unusual and unexpected tone. Mr. Tarbell has worked in many color schemes, but in most of his indoor studies the general tone is warm. The light is of a pale golden color, diffused and tempered with the utmost refinement of precision.

It is not merely the precision of a trained observer who can repeat what stands before him. Mr. Tarbell's perception of the nature of light is that of a man instinctively sensitive to its influences. Such a man can attain by a single stroke to an accuracy far above that of the ordinary painter, and moreover can arrange and harmonize his material, choose and combine, add and eliminate with reference to the completeness and beauty of his expression of its character. Mr. Tarbell's best paintings are truly lyric in their celebrations of chiaroscuro. *Reading by the Window* is charming in tone and color, and there is wonderful grace and delicacy in the gradations of light and color in such paintings as *A Girl with a Dog* and *The Venetian Blind*. Particularly in the last there is a balance maintained between the warm and the cool notes that leaves little to be desired. In light and shade it is exceedingly rich and harmonious, and it is complete enough in form and detail to satisfy even the devotees of the old masters. This one picture should be an answer to those who cannot accept violent color schemes, and who judge impressionism by them.

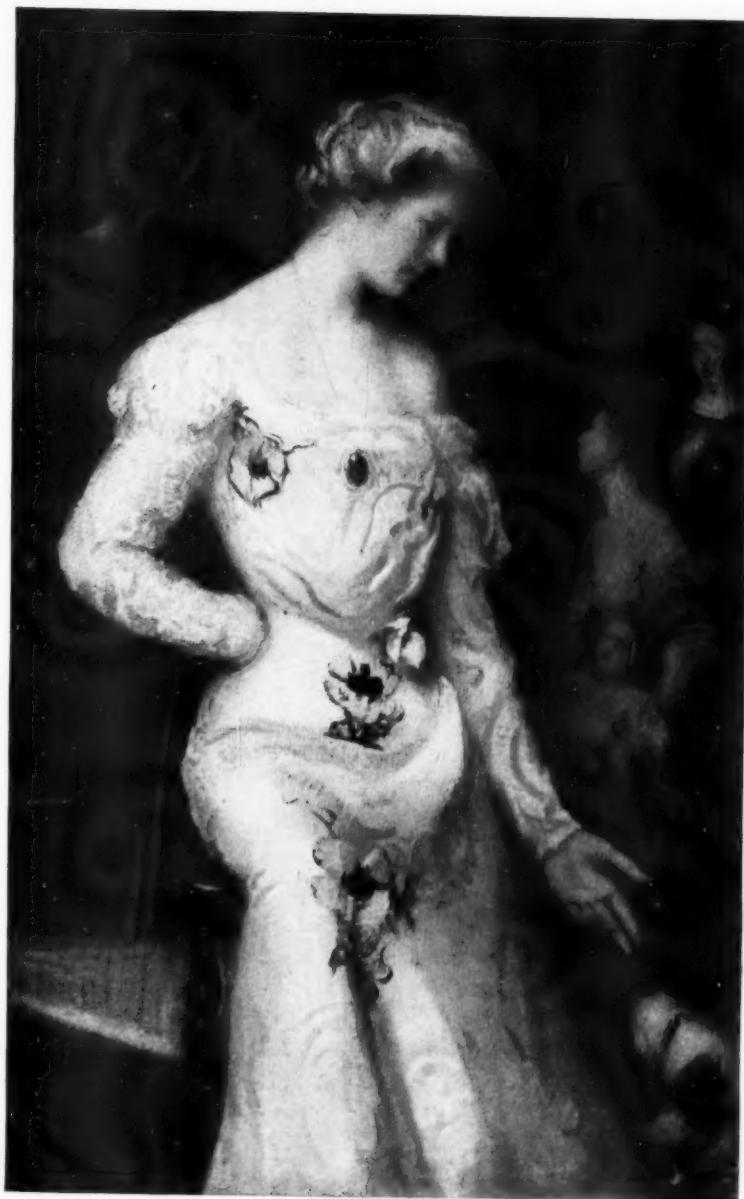
In an important sense Mr. Tarbell's paintings are still-life compositions. The touch of animation is not missed at first in the midst of so much that is beautiful; but his figures do not move, and are seldom poised between action and action. Anyone who has examined Rembrandt's paintings will remember that even in the quietude of sleeping figures he found some trait of the alert life that needed but a touch to call it

back to the drama of movement and intelligence. His people do fairly breathe, their lips just parted as they sit facing you from the canvas. It is hardly fair perhaps to put Mr. Tarbell in comparison with so great a master; but it is at least fairer than to put him in comparison with men of less sensibility than himself, who have caught the breath and whirl of the great world of life, and in rude way have left a mark of it. We crave this touch of life. With his great gifts in the field of light and color, Mr. Tarbell stands as interpreter between the appearance of the world and those who lack the artist's eye to catch its meaning clearly. But we continually amend his interpretation with the remembrance that this is not a dream world—it has the confidence of the great elemental motions; that it is not a dream-life, but one of swift animation and swifter intelligence, active, passionate, and alert.

Mr. Tarbell can well afford this criticism. What he has already accomplished has secured for him a perennial place in the appreciation of the lovers of sincere and beautiful works. A leader in impressionism, too strong to be party to its excesses and fantasies, accepting and teaching the new-found and rediscovered truths on which it is based, he is the painter of works of singular charm and refinement, and a force working always for sincerity and directness in the currents of contemporary art education and art sentiment.

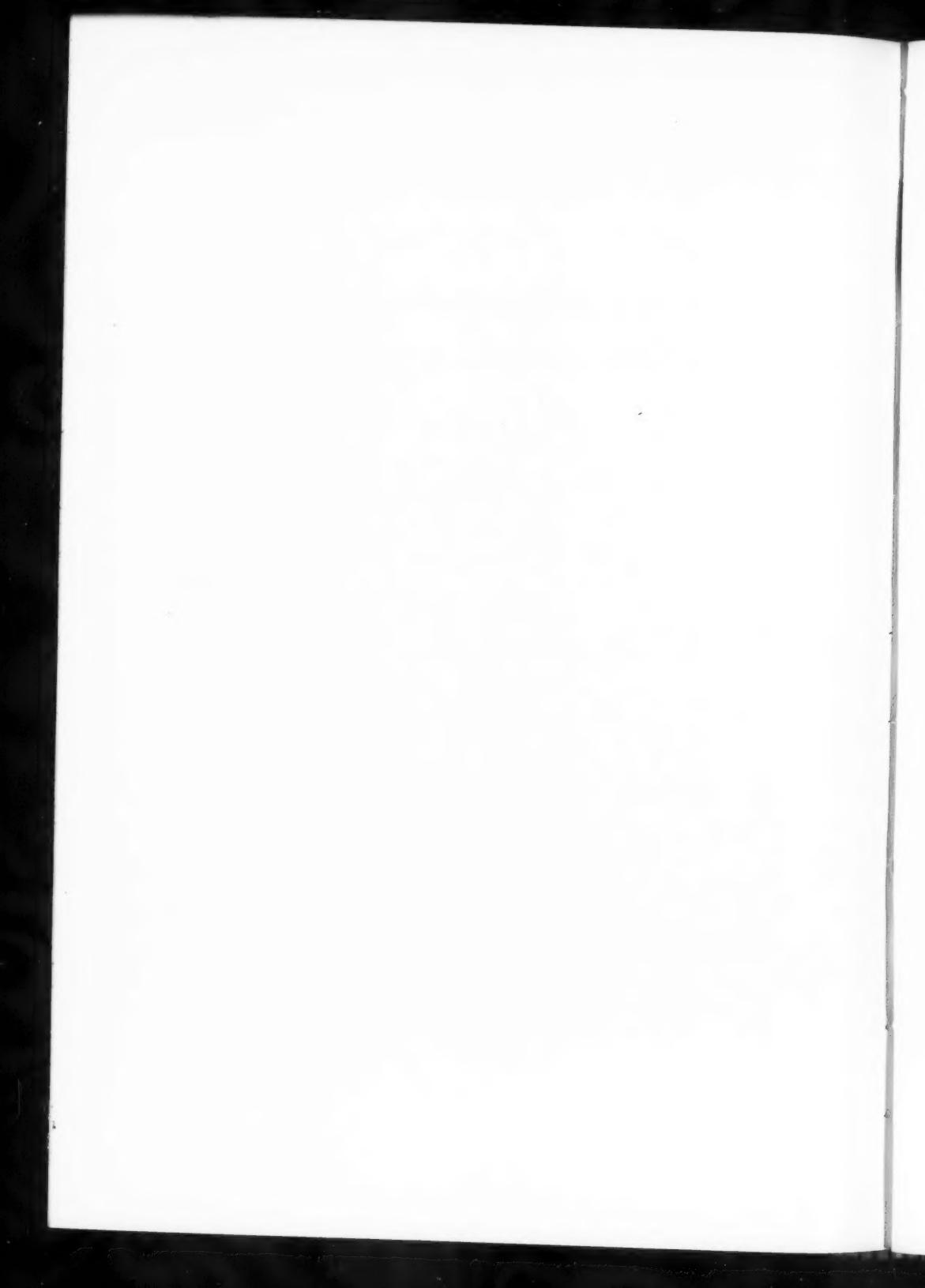
Albert M. Barker.





A GIRL WITH A DOG

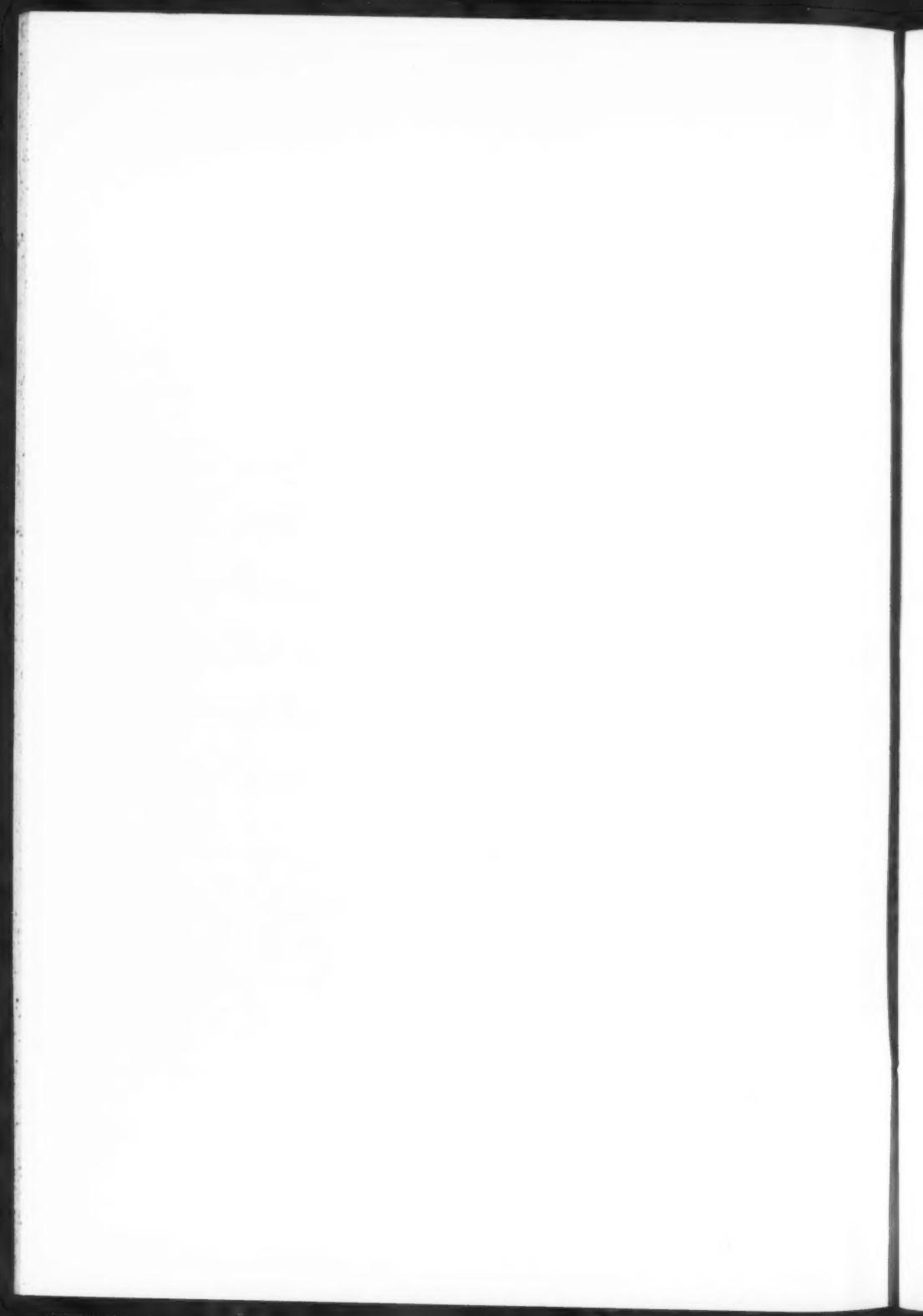
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THE VENETIAN BLIND

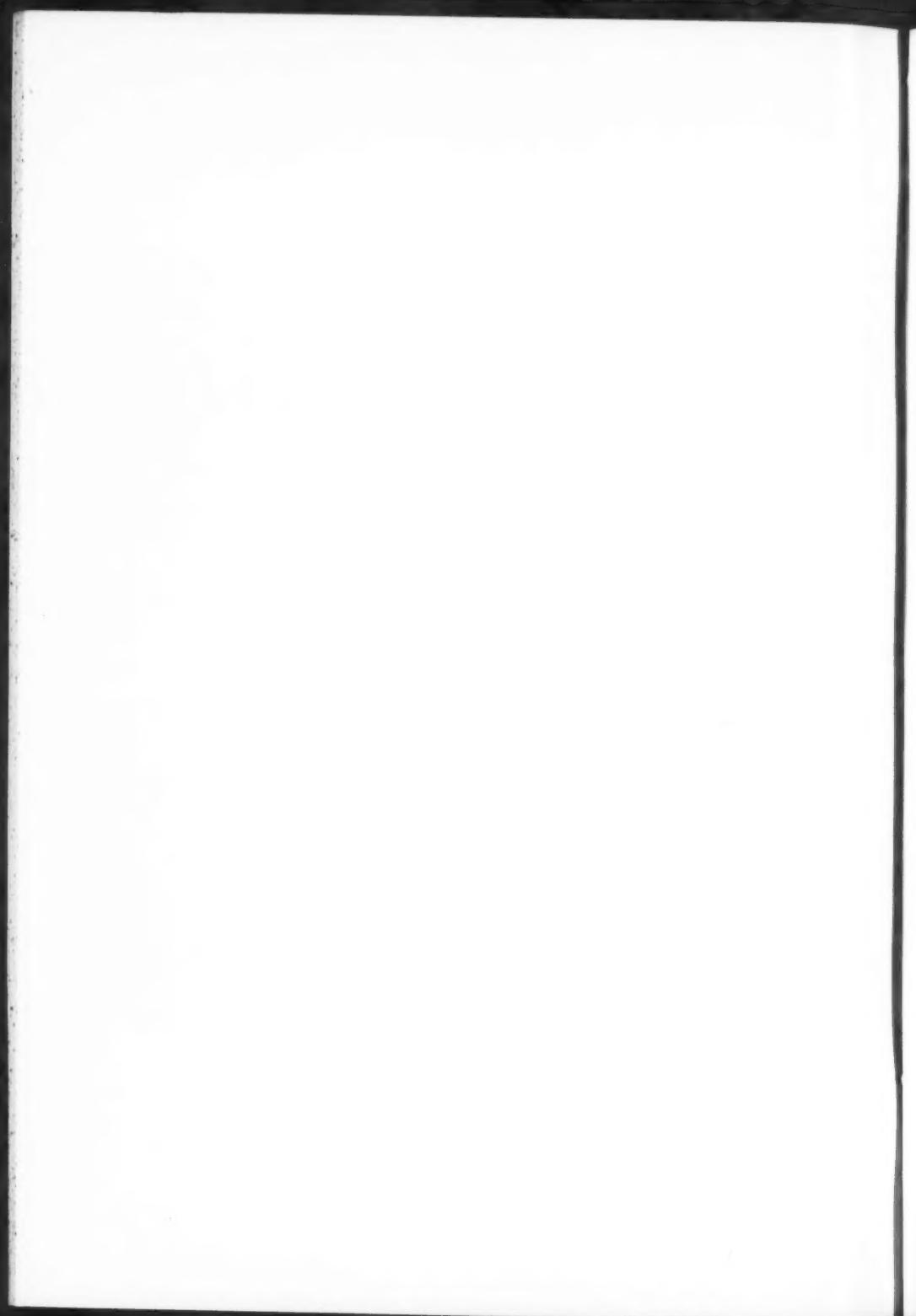
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IN THE ORCHARD

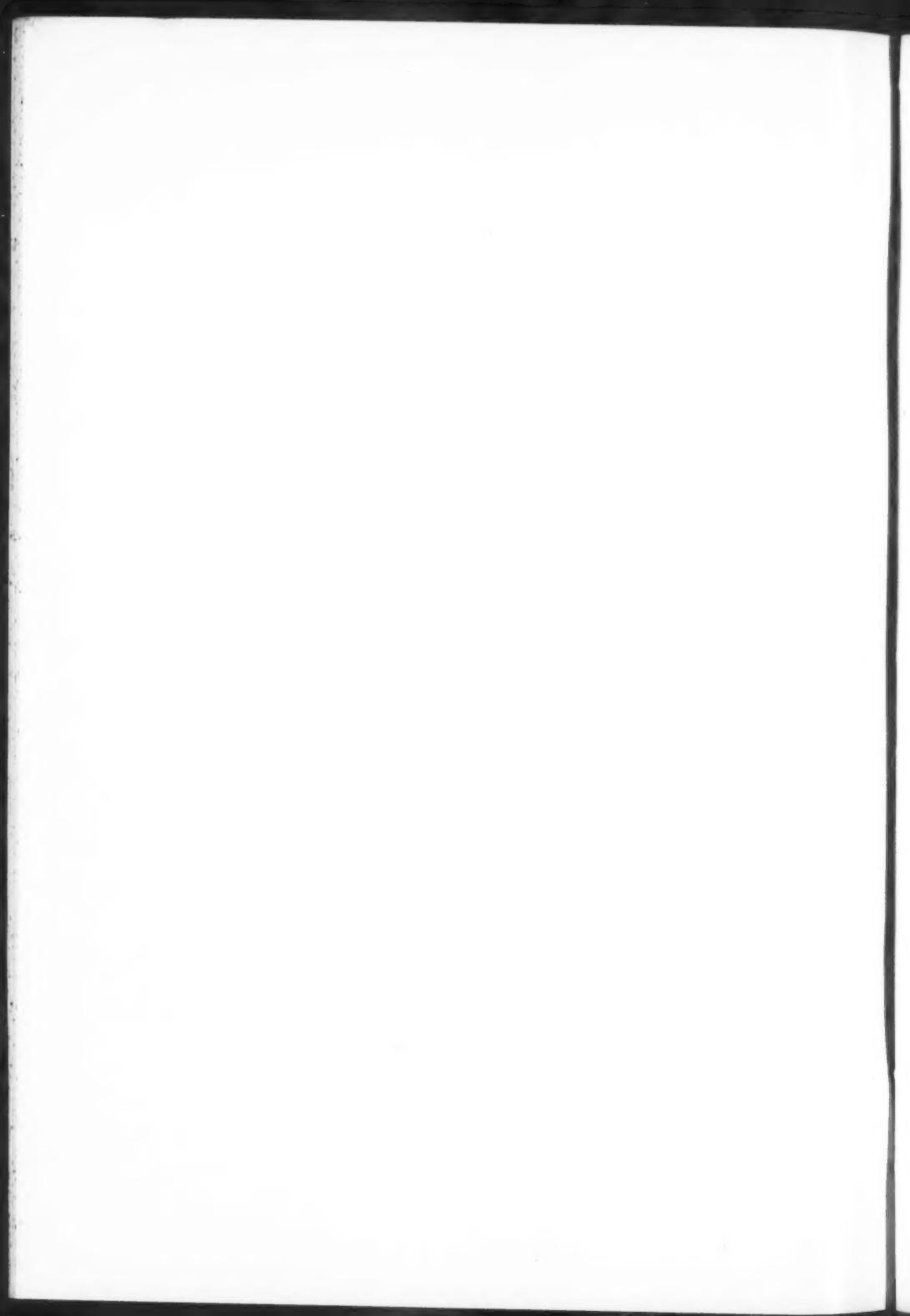
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READING AT THE WINDOW

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDMUND C. TARBELL



WHAT RUSSIAN CHILDREN ARE READING

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

In order to discover what authors were at the present moment most popular among the boys and girls of Russia, a Russian periodical recently sent a general letter, addressed to secondary-school pupils, asking simply: "What authors do you like the best?" The question was put to boys and girls of presumably from fourteen to nineteen years of age, in schools both public and private—corresponding to our high schools, academies, and private fitting schools, as well as schools intended exclusively for girls of wealthy families. A large number of replies were received; the results seem somewhat startling. Foremost in patriotic preference is Tolstoi, with 691 votes; and the favorite book is *Resurrection*, with 296 votes. Next, oddly enough, comes the dreary and dirty Gorki, with the large total of 586 votes. Mr. Howells has well said that Gorki represents the body, and not the soul of Russian fiction. I, for one, regard him as a public nuisance, whose meaningless gabble in dunghill dialect we must endure until the next literary sensation arrives. The third and fourth choices seem more reasonable, for Dostoevski and the great Turgenev have 494 and 470 admirers. Tschechov—a magnificent sneeze—arrives with 458; and fifteen other Russian writers receive each over one hundred votes. Among those who gained less than one hundred are not only men like Alexei Tolstoi and Lermontov, but sadly enough Russia's first great poet, Pushkin, and her first great novelist, Gogol! The placing of such a derelict as Gorki above so consummate an artist as Turgenev, and above so extraordinary a writer as Gogol, is perhaps only the

natural tribute paid by youth to the contemporary sensation. In all countries, the "book of the year" is more widely read than the established classics.

Of authors outside of Russia, not one, ancient or modern, polled one hundred votes; but between fifty and one hundred choices arrived at the fateful number of thirteen. The name of Guy de Maupassant led all the rest, with the respectable total of 86 admirers; then followed Erckmann-Chatrian, Zola, Dickens, and Hugo; and just inside the breastworks fell Goethe and Schiller, with 52 votes apiece. Shakespeare and Cervantes, as well as Ibsen and Daudet, straggle along, hopelessly out of the race, with less than fifty to do them reverence.

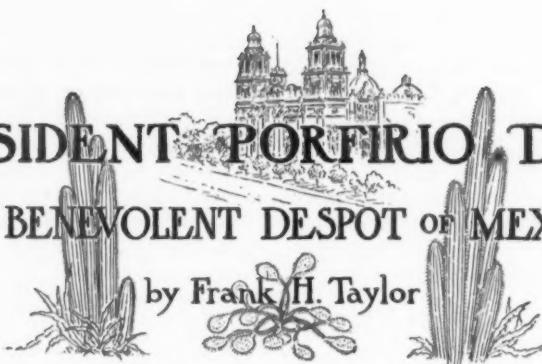
The primacy of Maupassant is doubtless owing to three causes: (1) the natural Russian love of realism, (2) the extreme fondness of Russians for French literature, written in a language which many Russians speak better than their mother-tongue, and (3) the warm praise bestowed by Tolstoi on the author of *Une Vie*. But it is bewildering to find even the children of Russia so terribly up-to-date! Those sensitive souls who bewail the crassness of American Philistinism should turn their eager eyes toward the North. Maupassant and Gorki are certainly not milk for babes. While their extreme popularity in Russia demonstrates a rather complete intellectual emancipation among the boys and girls, from the moral point of view our only comment, like Quintilian, is to stare and gasp.

Wm Lyon Phelps

Munich, Germany



PRESIDENT PORFIRIO DIAZ



PRESIDENT PORFIRIO DIAZ

THE BENEVOLENT DESPOT OF MEXICO

by Frank H. Taylor

The public career of one of the most remarkable statesmen of our time is drawing to a close. President Diaz, who has ruled Mexico for nearly a quarter of a century with an iron hand, but with a wisdom which has earned for him the title of "The Benevolent Despot," is preparing to lay down his office. The withdrawal of such a personage from the political stage, on which he has been the central figure for so long, deserves more than passing notice.

From the end of Spain's long nightmare of misrule in 1821 to the first election of Porfirio Diaz in 1877 more than fifty presidents and dictators, as well as one emperor, had fought their way into power, tasted glory for a few brief weeks or months, and in most cases had been violently disposed of by the conventional firing-squad. Diaz himself, being an insurrectionary leader, had abundant precedent upon which to predicate his own probable fate. Under the peculiarly unstable conditions of Mexican life his long, unbroken sway proves that he is indeed a most remarkable man.

He is seventy-four years old, but he will retire in full possession of the unusual qualities of mind and body which have distinguished him during his long years of power. If you should succeed in penetrating the sanctum of the famous audience-chamber of the national

palace you would find him to-day alert, well-balanced, and vigorous. It is not easy to get at President Diaz. The process of securing an audience begins with an appointment through influence; you must then arrive at the palace in a properly approved carriage, pass the military guard, and endure the inspection of the personal staff. But if you are one of the fortunate few to gain the actual presence of the Executive, you will find him a good listener if you have something worth saying. His hair and crisp mustache have turned white, but his soft, dark eyes are as young as ever, and they search as deeply as of old. If you have the truth about you he will find it.

From early youth Porfirio Diaz has been identified with Mexico's most stirring history. Born in the southern city of Oaxaca, seventy-four years ago, of a mother having Indian ancestors, he was schooled at the excellent college of his native city, sustaining himself by teaching. At the age of seventeen he became a volunteer in the defensive war against the American army of invasion, in 1847. After this taste of soldier-life, he was engaged with the forces opposed to the pretender, Santa Anna; and later against Garcia. He participated in the campaigns against the reactionary Cobos. And in 1861, as general of brigade in the presidency of Juarez, he

battled with Marquez in defence of the national capital.

Within the period covered by civil war in the United States another war raged far to the southward. France disgorged her red brigades from fleets of transports at Vera Cruz, leaving them to fight their way across the *tierra caliente*, through the foot-hills, and over the mountains into the valley of Mexico, along a pathway where the scars of Scott's invasion were hardly yet healed. When the people of the United States had settled their own great question of unity or disintegration, they looked toward Mexico and saw an empire. The sight did not please them. A million seasoned soldiers from the late opposing armies were ready to back the Monroe doctrine, and to support the Secretary of State in his declaration to France. Two years later, as a direct consequence, was enacted the tragedy of Querétaro.

Out of the turmoil of Mexico's tangled affairs emerged two great soldiers and leaders, Diaz and Benito Juarez, an Indian, who reestablished the constitutional Republic, from the

presidency of which he had been driven in 1861. Having helped to clear the country of its European enemies, and having seen the old Indian republican, Juarez, once more in the palace, Diaz, like Cincinnatus, betook himself to the quiet pleasures of a country gentleman. In 1871 Diaz was a nominee for the presidency. But his old chief was reelected—shortly, however, to be followed by Lerdo.

Again the wheel of fortune spun around, and private citizen Diaz found himself an outlaw and refugee in Texas. Within a year, crowded with exploits and incidents which would seem strained if printed as fiction, Diaz was military master of the City of Mexico and of the nation, and Lerdo de Tejada was hastening toward safety across the frontier. Six months later, in 1877, Diaz became constitutional president. With the exception of the incumbency of President Gonzalez, from 1880 to 1884, he has been at the head of the Mexican Republic ever since. Mexico has enjoyed such peace and prosperity during his six terms of office that no one has had the temerity to challenge his reten-





A MEXICAN HACIENDA

tion of the presidency. The national elections have been, so far as he was concerned, merely a succession of endorsements of his policy.

Between the lines of this brief summary of a picturesque career it is easy to read the romance, glory, and sacrifice investing the red pathway along which the wonderful Oaxacan student, teacher, and soldier came to his own in the palace of the nation.

But after all, it is as a civil governor rather than as a soldier that President Diaz has made his most notable record. In the marvelous development of Mexico in the past generation he has played the leading part. Among the foremost achievements of the existing Mexican government must be counted the founding of a national school system, free from sectarian influence. In the work of locating new productive industries and affording profitable occupation for a large number of the people, the natural talent of the Mexicans in the skilful creation of many delicate and artistic fabrics and objects has been encouraged; and now every tourist over the Mexican railways brings home

examples of the exquisite drawn-work, feather-work, filigree silver, and basketry which are offered for sale in many of the cities. The strong hand of the President is also seen in the marvelous regeneration of the capital city, which is now drained by the greatest piece of sanitary engineering in the world, and which is being rapidly modernized in the matter of good pavements, parks, public buildings, canals, and other desirable works.

Another great achievement of the Diaz administration has been the improvement of Mexican harbors on the Gulf and the Pacific. The latter fact is especially notable in the instance of the Tehuantepec route. By this highway goods in transit from Atlantic ports to California have an advantage of 1,500 miles over the proposed Panama Canal, although allowance must be made for handling shipments at both ends of the route.

Conspicuous, also, has been the railway development, of which the Tehuantepec is the latest phase. At the beginning of the first term of President Diaz, in 1877, but one railway—the Mexican,

or Vera Cruz line, 283 miles in length—existed in the republic. In 1880 the two great systems of the Mexican National and Mexican Central railroads were commenced. Railroads now traverse every state except Lower California, Tabasco, and Campeachy. At present about 12,000 miles of railroad, operated by ten companies, are in service.

An equally remarkable feature has been the solving of national financial problems. When Diaz came into power the public debt amounted to above \$150,000,000, and the annual deficit in national revenues was near \$10,000,000. In fourteen years the debt had been reduced fifty per cent., and the government's income had met expenses. And although the present national debt is about \$432,000,000, silver,—nearly all of which is held abroad—of this sum seventy-five per cent. is represented in permanent improvements, including rail-

road subsidies, harbors, and other great betterments; and Mexico's five per cent. gold bonds are quoted at above par.

Two events in the experience of President Diaz contributed greatly to his well-known friendship for the United States, and inspired his efforts to interest American capital in fostering manufactures among the Mexicans. There was first the visit of General Grant and General Sheridan and their families to Mexico, in February, 1880; and then the tour of General Diaz in the United States, three years later. In both of these journeys the writer had a part.

General Grant, arriving at Vera Cruz with his party from Havana, was tendered a welcome by Mexico of the most spectacular and enthusiastic character. Although traveling as a private citizen, having the purpose of visiting the scene of his earliest battles, General Grant was made the object of unexampled hospitality, and was hailed as the repre-



A VIEW OF VERA CRUZ



THE CITY OF MEXICO

sentative of Mexico's most powerful friend among the nations.

The reception of the two famous generals by President Diaz at the national palace in Mexico City, upon their arrival, was dramatic in its simplicity. But it initiated the beginning of a commercial invasion of Americans more numerous than the soldiers sent there in our first war abroad (1847-8), and representing investments of capital above \$500,000,000 in gold, one-half of which has been placed there within the past five years. This great sum exceeds the value of all of the assessed real estate in the Mexican Republic in 1880. Before General Grant and his party returned from Mexico a concession had been granted under which samples of American goods were to be admitted free of duty for exhibit in the cities of Mexico. In the following ten years imports from the United States increased from \$8,461,000 to \$22,690,000. Under the stimulus of this conference of great minds, work was commenced upon the two railways which were to unite the capital with the American systems north of the Rio Grande.

A visit of General Diaz to the United States naturally followed. It occurred in March of 1883, during his ex-presidency. Accompanied by his wife and son and several distinguished Mexicans, he arrived in New Orleans *en route* to Monterey, to attend the wedding of General Treviño to Miss Ord. Following this event, the Mexicans accepted the courtesy of a splendid special train tendered by the Missouri Pacific railway company, which awaited them at the frontier. The Mexican guests were taken upon a tour of the central and eastern States, visiting St. Louis, Chicago, Niagara Falls, Washington, New York, and Boston, meeting at a series of receptions and banquets the leading representatives of our nation, and observing everywhere our highest social and intellectual life.

It was under such conditions of travel that the Grant-like simplicity of character, the gentleness, consideration, and strength of this great Mexican were impressed not only upon those who traveled with him, but upon all who came into his presence.

That hasty panoramic view of a

Photograph by Ross



THE NATIONAL PALACE

country very much younger, but infinitely richer, than his own long-troubled land, aroused ambitions in Diaz. They found vent not only in the enthusiasm of the moment but led him upon a series of tours, preaching the gospel of industry in his own scattered cities, among other things citing the American example, and encouraging the presence of American investors in Mexico.

The effects of this personal campaign by Diaz were quickly seen in the Mexican business world. The

Mexican character is eminently conservative. The host of hurrying, imperious, optimistic Americans who swarmed down across the border, in the closely following years, has given it many a jolt. Out of all sorts of projects calling for "subventions"—from building railroads to opening old silver mines, the good and the bad together—there has been threshed out more prosperity than the drowsy dons upon their feudal haciendas ever dreamed of.

This awakening of an old land from its medieval dreams has touched the natives somewhat, and, like Japan, the towns are becoming less picturesque. A modern cotton mill set up beside a mossy Spanish church jars the artistic nerves. But American money knows no reverence for the things that were, and it flows in a constant stream of investment into Mexican factories, railway extensions, mines, farms, plantations, and countless minor enterprises. It is a rich field of venture, and Diaz has made it attractive. The investor



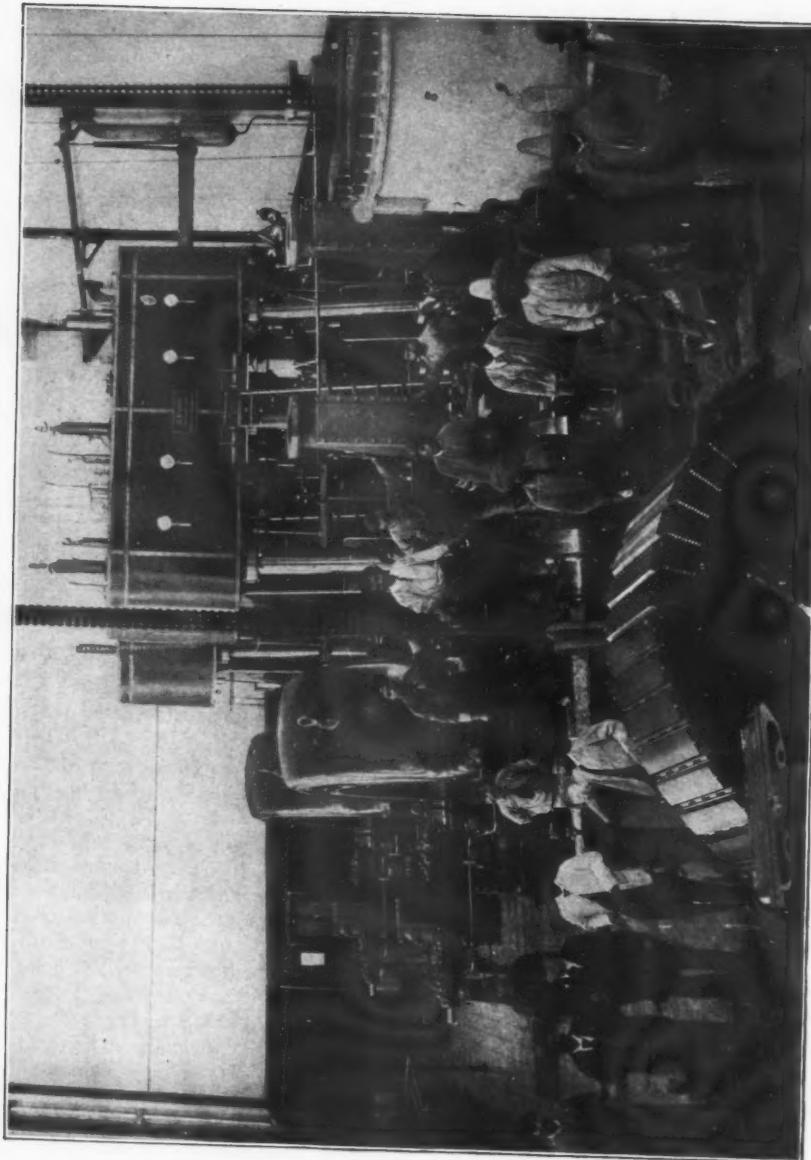
Photograph by Rau

CATHEDRAL OF THE CITY OF MEXICO

in Mexico, by the mere fact of locating there, doubles his capital and divides his wage account by two.

The extent of the American commercial invasion is not always realized. A year ago it was officially reported that more than eleven hundred American companies were doing business in Mexico. Of the capital from this country invested there, about seventy per cent. is placed in railroads. All of the lines except those connecting the capital with Vera Cruz and the National Tehuantepec Railway, are owned or controlled by Americans. Eighty per cent. of all Mexican railroad property is held in the United States. Eighty millions of American dollars are engaged in Mexican mines, principally in Sonora, Chihuahua, and Durango. The mining outputs of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, amounted to \$145,000,000—valued in silver—being an increase of nearly fifty per cent. over any preceding year. In the same time nearly three thousand new mining enterprises, or

Courtesy of Philadelphia Commercial Museum



A MEXICAN SUGAR MILL.

seventeen per cent. of the whole, were launched.

In various agricultural ventures, Americans have \$28,000,000 staked; but this includes probably some of those enterprises which appeal to the trustful small investor through popular advertisement, and concerning which our consular agents have often sent warnings to the Washington authorities.

Varied manufactures in the Federal districts and in Nuevo Leon absorb much American capital. In Sinaloa, we also operate a profitable group of sugar refineries. To the northward many great iron and steel plants are in evidence. One of them, just completed at Monterey, has cost fully \$10,000,000.

About one hundred and twenty cotton mills have been built in various parts of the republic. The fine Hercules Mills at Querétaro, which are embellished by tropical gardens, are the most notable. Another plant, owned by the French, and located at Rio Blanco in the State of Vera Cruz, employs one thousand seven hundred hands—nearly all males—and ranks as one of the largest in the world. Under the peonage system, still existing, the great mass of the people outside of the cities are seldom able to earn themselves out of debt, and are virtually slaves. Wages in the mills range from twenty-three to fifty-six cents per day, and these small sums represent a condition of comparative wealth for the workers, the essentials of life being upon a proportionately low basis of cost. The best workers come from the highlands.

Other favorite American investments

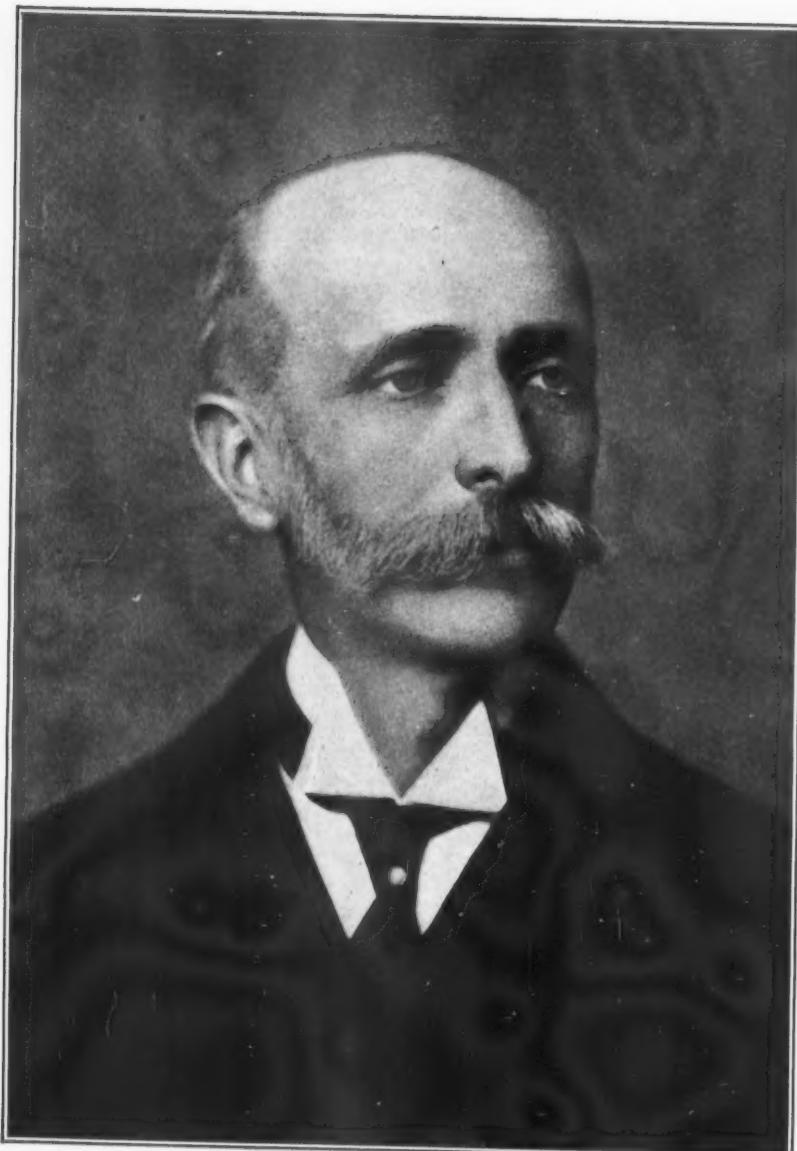


Courtesy of Philadelphia Commercial Museums

A GIANT CRANE AT VERA CRUZ

in Mexico are in electric power and lighting, telephones, traction, water and gas plants, improved pavements, and suburban land ventures. In the capital Americans are interested in the banks and have many agencies for all kinds of articles, from sewing machines to "autos." Of her imports Mexico buys about \$42,000,000 worth of goods (or fifty-eight per cent. of the whole) from the United States, and we buy from her nearly an equal amount (or eighty per cent.) of her total exportations.

All Mexico is accessible to Americans, and they can travel anywhere in



JOSE IVES LIMANTOUR
POSSIBLE SUCCESSOR OF PRESIDENT DIAZ

safety. Twenty-four years ago it was necessary to guard General Grant and his fellow-travelers from the coast to the capital by car-loads of troops. At that time brigands beset the very suburbs of the cities. But Diaz enrolled them into his splendid *Guardia Rurale*, and made highway robbery so unprofitable that now special excursion trains of gay tourists from Chicago and Boston, housed in Pullmans, travel freely and safely away down to Mitla and its prehistoric temples.

Such has been the marvelous development of Mexico under the benign sway of President Diaz. But what of the outlook? Like the dwellers upon the slopes of Vesuvius, who hear the internal rumblings of dread forces and are afraid, so the Mexicans think upon the future when the hand of Diaz no longer shall guide the ship of state. Capital, too, deeply planted in Mexican development, with its army of American employees and its promise of large rewards, has its doubts of the stability of affairs when Diaz shall be no longer a name to conjure with. The classes who count in the making of public opinion in Mexico have, however, advanced in the direction of peaceful politics as the country has emerged from the clouds of anarchy, and, with the example of the greater republic to the north before them, they may be reasonably expected to unite for the preservation of the material benefits which have come to them under the rule of the greatest of their presidents.

Chief among the problems to be solved in Mexico's future are national finance, the constitutional rights of the people, and popular education. Mexico is slowly and painfully arriving at a gold basis. Ever since the beginning of the Diaz dynasty silver has been declining. It has averaged in the past year \$2.20 to a dollar in gold. There is need of a financier in the seat to be vacated by Diaz. An eminent French economist, after a recent critical tour of the coun-

try, forecasts that the adjustment of Mexico's finances will be followed by a vast inrush of foreigners, with a constantly expanding American influence in all promising fields of investment.

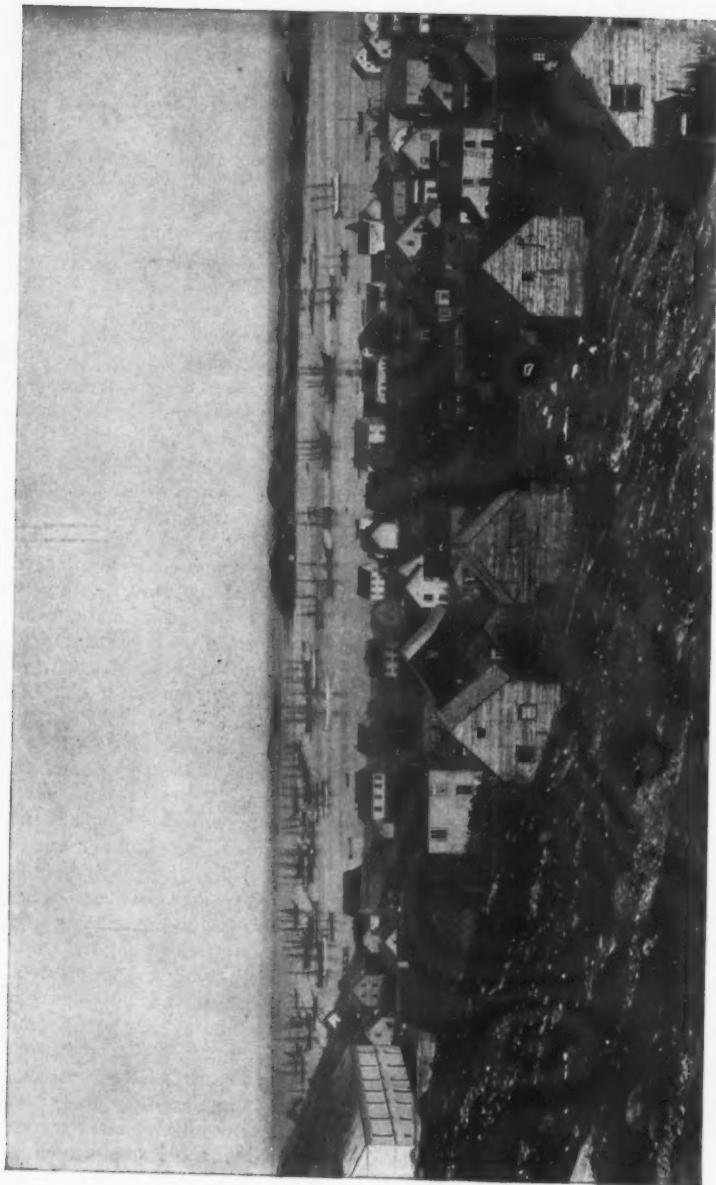
As to the constitution of 1857, under which Mexico is governed, it is admirable in its purpose and effect. Under this the rights of the individual are guaranteed; all men are free; religion is free; marriage is a civil contract; freedom of the press is assured; the right of petition is declared; no passports are required; foreigners have all property rights common to citizens; and monopolies are forbidden. Will these rights be amply defended by the successor of Diaz?

As to the need of popular education—eleven millions of illiterates, swayed by passions easily kindled by ambitious reactionary leaders, form a menace which might well daunt a stronger government than that of Mexico.

Who is to be sufficient for these things? What man is worthy to undertake the solution of such national problems in place of Diaz? This is now the paramount question in Mexico. The thought of the nation has naturally turned toward José Ives Limantour, Secretary of the Treasury. It is said that Diaz prefers Limantour as his successor. It is also said the Secretary of the Treasury desires to remain in the office in which he has shown such distinguished ability. But, in any event, he is a man to be reckoned with in Mexico's future. He is a cosmopolitan, who knows the financial purlieus and the clubs of New York, London, and Paris. He is not of Mexican blood, but having been successful in his financial administration, he has the support of the material interests of the country, its progressive elements and foreign investors, though opposed by the lower classes under the sleepless influence of an embittered priesthood. If he should accept the presidency, doubtless he would direct the nation in the same broad spirit which has always characterized his leader, Diaz.

THE WHITE STONE BUILDING ON THE LEFT IS THE GOVERNMENT BAR-
RACKS, FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY DISCIPLINAIRES, OR FRENCH CONVICTS

THE TOWN OF ST. PIERRE



Old France in the New World

in the



by P. T. Mc Grath

The
Last Remnant
of a
Great Empire

No nation has spent more blood and treasure in efforts to acquire a colonial empire than France; and no nation has so little to show for it. Two hundred years ago she seemed destined to possess all India; today she holds Pondicherry alone, and her plans for a mighty Eastern realm are only a vanished dream. At the same period she exercised sway over a territory on this continent twice as large as Europe; now the only vestige remaining of that vast dominion is the little Miquelon archipelago off the south coast of Newfoundland. France was left this as a shelter for her fishermen when England wrested from her the great American wilderness by the peace-treaty of Utrecht in 1713; and that purpose the islands—Miquelon, Langlade, and St. Pierre—have since continued to serve. Their area is but eighty square miles. They seem only fly-specks on the map. On a bet, a daring Yankee fisherman, with a small boat, rowed around them in one night last summer. Here, then, is France's lonely outpost in the Western ocean, pitiful remnant of the principality which once recognized no banner but the Fleur-de-lis!

Miquelon is the largest of the group, but lacks a harbor, and is only settled by about eighty families. Langlade is in similar case, and but fifty domiciles

dot its coves. St. Pierre possesses the sole haven of the archipelago, and is therefore the capital and centre of interest, the home of the rest of the population of 6,500 souls. Probably as many more Breton fishermen from the St. Malo fleet resort there during the summer, putting in from the Grand Banks to land their catches of cod, and to refit or repair; and the whole commerce of the place is founded upon the lordly codfish. It is that, too, which makes the islets a subject of discord between France, England, and Newfoundland; because St. Pierre is the very pivotal point of the world-famous "French Shore Question," which antedates all other disputes, and has been the despair of diplomatists for generations past.

St. Pierre is a bit of old France, transplanted across the Atlantic and erected on this lonely isle. The town is built along the foreshore, extending about a mile, and straggling back up a little hill-side for a quarter of that distance. It is composed almost wholly of fishermen's cottages constructed of wood, with a few large warehouses and cod-stores, and the inevitable government buildings of stone fronting the quay. The isolation of the place is its chief charm; to the visitor its quaint architecture and novel scenes are a constant delight. Fog almost always enshrouds the group,



NEWFOUNDLAND AND THE FRENCH ISLANDS

set as they are amid the fishing banks, and the mailboat must make a cautious approach lest she run down any of the scores of skiffs which throng the offing, with fog-horns going to warn her of their presence. Through this chilling mist their dim, ghostly outlines are seen; and then in an instant, as the ship rounds a headland, the town opens up, the fog is dispelled, and she passes into a new world, with smiling skies and every object so clearly defined as to be almost dazzling by contrast. The first sight of St. Pierre compensates one for the steamer trip. Every house is lime-washed, and exemplifies the proverbial neatness of the French.

The cottages are little two-story affairs, with slanting roofs and with hinged windows opening into midget gardens wrought with infinite patience—the frugal soil itself carried over from Newfoundland. Flowers bloom in the window-boxes, gay fabrics adorn the stores, and the grayish tints of the pallid houses impart a pleasant tone. Fish-curing is forbidden within the town, and everything is scrupulously clean, even though sidewalks do not exist, and one shares the narrow sloping streets with creaking ox-wains and little carts drawn by dogs, for of horses there are only four on the island.

The streets abound with unfamiliar

scenes, especially in the fishing season, when the hardy, sun-browned voyageurs from the Grand Banks overflow into it, and the roadstead riots with the varied hues of the hulls and sails of their weather-beaten barks. The men in wooden sabots and gaudy blouses, the women in scarlet skirts and snowy coifs, the patient oxen drawing their loads, the uniformed gendarme and fanfaring beadle, the patter of strange tongues and the inimitable Gallic gestures, the crucifix which uprears itself above the hilltop, and the priest or nun who passes by—all are vivid reminders of picturesque Brittany and the lovely Norman dales. Cafés abound, and are much patronized; for they serve liquors cheaper than anywhere else in America, the principal beverages being obtained from France, and paying but small duty. Viler compounds are concocted there for the fishermen, or to be smuggled to Maine or Quebec; and when the American or Canadian banking craft make into its harbor, and their crews get loose in town, the fifty gendarmes—the little corps which the treaties limit its guard to—find their patience and strength alike tested to the utmost, and the walls and doors of the jail are subjected to a similar ordeal. In one thing these English-speaking fishermen are united, if in nought else—their contempt for

"Frenchy," whose feelings they disregard as utterly as they do his threats or the knife he often flourishes.

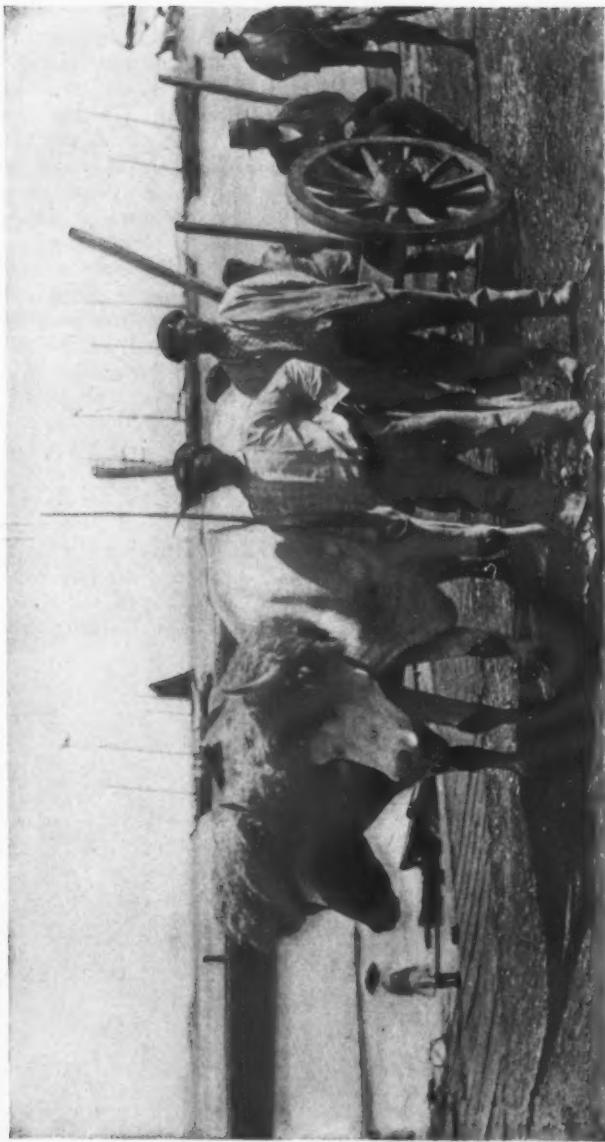
The isles are bleak, barren rocks, valueless for aught but a mariner's refuge. They bear no trees and scarcely any vegetation. The Pierrois themselves describe them as "the last corner of the creation"; and the bare wastes of hillside, with occasional small patches of herbage and tracts of stunted bush, protruding boulders, and granite ledges, make the description not unapt. Sterile and desolate, only the loving labor of generations has made possible the smiling little flower-beds which adorn the town. The very graves, like that of Joseph of Arimathea, are hewn from the solid rock, men being employed all summer blasting them out, against the interments which will have to be effected when the winter storms make such labor impossible. The wood for burning or building, the forage for the few cattle, the very ashes used by the thrifty housewives in making soaps, the spruce tree-tops from which beer is brewed—

all are brought across from Newfoundland. From there, too, come meat, poultry, and vegetables; also boats, schooners, and fishing gear. In return, the Newfoundland traders smuggle back liquors, wines, cigars, tobacco, sugar, and other essentials; and to adequately cope with this traffic is the despair of the government in St. John's.

The annals of St. Pierre are a reproduction in miniature of the eventful history of the Motherland. In the stormy days of European struggles this island changed hands time and again, as England or France was in the ascendent. In 1763 many of the Acadians, immortalized by Longfellow in *Evangeline*, migrated there and founded new homes. In 1789 the tragic Revolution which convulsed France found a repetition here, with its Reign of Terror, its Jacobin Club, its Tree of Liberty (imported from Newfoundland), and its Lilliputian *coup d'état*. Though it sheltered but four hundred inhabitants, they had their General Assembly, their Council of Notables, and their



THE INNER HARBOR AT ST. PIERRE



A TYPICAL OX-WAIN OF ST. PIERRE

AS THERE ARE VERY FEW HORSES ON THE ISLANDS,
OX-CARTS ARE THE MAIN DEPENDENCE OF THE
ISLANDERS FOR ALL TRANSPORTATION PURPOSES

Committee of Defence. Still, when an English frigate appeared next day, they thought discretion best, surrendered at once, and were all deported to France.

Newfoundlanders then occupied their homes, only to be expelled in turn when it was restored at the next Peace. In this way it was a shuttlecock, tossed from one to the other until finally ceded to France after the battle of Waterloo. Since then fire and tempest have been its worst enemies, it having four times been devastated by the flames, and three times by the fierce blizzards that in winter sweep the rugged Newfoundland coastline and fall with special fury upon these unsheltered rocks. It has a complete administrative machinery, from governor to crier, and even a guillotine! It has a judiciary, a ministry, and bureaus of justice, finance, marine, sanitation, posts, telegraphs, and defence, as well. Out of a total of 1,281 adults, 247 are officials of various grades—one man out of every five to rule this Lilliputian possession! The conscription applies to the others who are not ineligible, and they have regular drills and firing matches, with reviews on fête-days conjointly with the warships.

St. Pierre would be abandoned but that France must maintain it as the advanced base for her cod-fisheries on the Grand Banks, and to do so she has to subsidize the fishing industry to the extent of three-fourths of the actual value of the fish caught. The seat of the enterprise is St. Malo, and most of the firms doing business in St. Pierre are branches of Breton concerns. The fishing craft are laid up in St. Pierre all winter; the men to crew them, besides the Pierrois, are sent over from France every March, returning again each November when the work is at an end. About six thousand are thus employed, and large transport-steamers convey them, bringing out supplies and taking back cargoes of cod. Formerly sailing ships were used, but so many were crushed in the floes, with frightful loss

of life, that their use was abandoned. Even the steamers often meet disaster crossing the Grand Banks during the March equinoctials. The *Jeanne Conseil* broke her shaft two years ago, and drifted about helplessly for many days until sighted by a British collier and towed into the Azores, the twelve hundred fishermen she carried being on the verge of mutiny from hunger, the officers guarding the scanty stores with loaded firearms. The mob terrorized Fayal, until the French admiralty had to despatch two warships there to convey them to their destination. In the spring of 1903 two steamers, the *Burgundia* and *Notre Dame*, got beset with ice on the Banks, and, fierce gales arising, were in peril of being crushed and sunk. The risk was intense for their twenty-two hundred passengers; and even as it was, twelve persons perished and over thirty were maimed, being carried overboard by the seas or disabled against the bulwarks.

At St. Pierre the fishermen are drafted into the fishing schooners, some four hundred in all, carrying twelve to thirty men, according to size. These sail for the Grand Banks, a hundred miles off the Newfoundland coast; and there for the next six months they ply their trade, luring the cod from the oozy depths. The genius of Colbert—the famous French minister who conceived the *Inscription Maritime*, or naval militia—made this fishery possible. It is designed as a naval nursery to train men in sailorly arts, just as England has lately organized a Naval Reserve among the Newfoundland fishermen. The French are all inscribed in the marine, liable for ten years' service, and subject to the warships patrolling the waters every summer. Mostly orphan boys gathered from St. Malo, Dieppe, Cancale, Fécamp, Granville, and Bordeaux, they first put in three years as graviers, or beach boys, at St. Pierre, under indentures to fishing firms; after which they join the vessels, where they serve

seven years as pecheurs, or trawl-men. Whether as boys or men, their lot is pitiful; unremitting toil and endless hardships, softened by no enjoyments, form their portion. The graviers wash and salt the fish as it is brought into St. Pierre, and spread it, day after day, on the flat stony beaches which surround the place, until it is dry enough to export. Clad in rough corduroy, without stockings or underwear, fed on the coarsest food, laboring without stop, their lot is so hard that the mortality is appalling. The pecheurs fare still worse. The fishing industry is one surcharged with peril, and the man who embarks in it, be he British, French, or American, takes his life in his hand every time his boat puts out. But the treatment of the French fishermen is almost barbarous. Bedded on straw from packing cases, dieted on the condemned stores of the navy, drugged with a filthy compound termed "brandy," with sanitation quite disregarded and comforts unknown, worked like galley-slaves for weeks at a time without rest for Sabbath or festival, they endure

more than any uncriminal class afloat. When disease breaks out they die like sheep; when disaster impends they lack nerve to face it. So horrible were the conditions of this industry formerly that in 1898 the French government investigated the whole subject, eliciting such revolting particulars that the details could not be touched upon here. Reforms were instituted both as regards the pecheurs and graviers, a closer inspection by the warships was ordered, and a hospital-ship was sent to ply among them during the fishing season. And still their condition leaves much to be desired. No American, Canadian, or Ternovan would submit to it, and many Frenchmen desert and establish themselves in Newfoundland, where they are known as "Jack-o'-tars."

The fishermen are a strange compound of superstition and irreverence. Many scoff at religion, yet few set sail without bowing a knee to the "Calvary" on the hilltop, or muttering an invocation to the statue of the Virgin that crowns the Cap a l'Aigle. When intoxicated they boast of their disbelief, though



BANKING CRAFT IN ST. PIERRE HARBOR



WAITING FOR THE MAIL STEAMER

carrying scapulars, medals, and rosaries on their persons and holy pictures in their berths, which they venerate or execrate as fortune goes well or ill. On the schooner the patron, or master, selects the anchorage on the Banks—a matter calling for much judgment, since it is unlucky to move once she is berthed. The Dieppois are in chief demand as skippers, because Dieppe in the past had a reputation for sorcery which its people inherit to this day. Malouins are the finest fishermen, though it is unlucky to have an odd number of them. Needless to say, no French patron will sail a crew of thirteen; if disaster leaves him with that number, he will make for home at once. And woe to the man who catches a haddock on his first set of trawls. They say that was the fish St. Peter had when the Lord called him, and it wriggled through his fingers, the lines showing on its back still; so the one who hooks it is doomed to mishap. It spells ill-fortune to whistle, dance, or fiddle in a calm; though with English sailors whistling for a wind is proverbial.

When a man is lost, the tops of the masts are painted blue, not black, as a sign of mourning. It is unlucky not to do so.

Ships are sometimes unlucky themselves—"hoodooed," as the Americans say. They are always losing men and boats, making small catches while others do well, having mishaps when under sail, and finding fish spoil in the process of drying. Men speedily detect these ill-starred craft, and avoid them; sometimes, indeed, they have to be sold, for none will go in them. Other vessels owe their ill-repute to the presence of some man with the "evil eye." By a process of selection, through his participation in misadventures, he is "spotted," and few care to be shipmates with him. A black cat with four white feet is the very best mascot; a dog who strays aboard, uninvited, comes next. To anchor on a Friday is as unlucky as to sail. Monday is the most fortunate, because on that day, so the pecheurs gravely tell you, occurred the miraculous draught of fishes.

Ballard, Quero, and Pierre banks are

the sections of the Grand Bank most frequented by the French. The Canadians chiefly resort to Pierre, the Bordonnais to Quero. The Fécampois are partial to Ballard; as it yields the finest cod; but it is the most dangerous, for the choppy seas often break and engulf whole ships and crews. On every bank are "spots," or schools of cod; and to place his ship over one of these is each patron's ambition. The cod may prove, though, to be "anons" or starvelings; prime cod are "linguards," and young ones "cavignots." When a ship gets among anons her crew will toss up daily an *os de vérité*, a bone from a linguard's neck, to decide if they will fish or not, being governed by how it falls, flat side up or sharp side up. If the former, it means ill-luck.

The fishing is done with dories and trawls. The dories are flat-bottomed, sloping-sided boats, which fit into one another in the ship's waist, economizing space thereby. Each dory takes two men, and the whole crew, except the captain and the cook, go off in them every suitable day, and set the trawls in the water outwards from the ship, like spokes from the hub of a wheel. Trawls are long lines, each with three thousand hooks attached at intervals of a yard, every hook baited with some smaller fish, either herring, caplin, or squid, that the cod affects. The trawls are anchored at each end, baited in the day, left lying over night, and are stripped of their accumulation of fish next morning, being baited again when "overhauled." The fish are taken to the vessel in the dories, eviscerated, washed, and salted. This routine continues until the bait is exhausted, and then the vessel returns home, lands the fish, takes more bait and salt, and goes out again. At St. Pierre her catch is taken in hand by the graviers and women, who submerge it in crates until the salt has been washed off. Then they scrub each fish with a hard, coarse brush, and pile them in heaps to drain. This done,

they are next spread on the beaches to dry in the sunlight and air. The beaches consist of several acres of flat ground, covered with basalt stones worn round by the motion of the sea for ages. These stony fields surround St. Pierre, and thousands of cod are displayed there on a fine day. Every evening, or if fog or rain threatens, the fish are gathered up again and are covered with tarpaulins. The process is repeated until the fish are quite dry and hard. Dry fish are piled in round stacks; the rest in oblong ones. When a sufficient quantity to load a vessel is obtained, it is packed into her hold and shipped to market. The extent of the cod-fishing of Miquelon and St. Pierre may be indicated by the record of the catch of those islands in 1902, which was 72,500,000 pounds. While much of the annual product is exported to other countries, France naturally gets the larger part. In fact, St. Pierre furnishes three-fourths of all the cod-fish used in France.

The Banks, which are a series of submerged plateaus, cover an area of about seven hundred square miles, and in the height of the season are trawled by fully a thousand vessels of the various nationalities, with crews of some fifteen thousand men. Besides the ordinary marine dangers, there are others incident to this special pursuit. The most common is that of the dories getting befogged while at their trawls, missing their vessel, and drifting about until their occupants are picked up by other craft, or perish in cold and hunger. The vessels are also often overtaken by tempests, run over by steamships, or sunk by collision with icebergs. Hundreds of men perish every year from these causes, and of the fatalities the French have the greatest number. They are careless in lookout, or in setting their lights; so the big steamers cleave them, or the bergs repulse them, before they know what has happened; and their vessels are so old and rotten



THE FRENCH STEAMER "BURGUNDIA"
TIED UP AT ST. PIERRE, AFTER CROSSING THE GRAND BANKS



HOW CODFISH IS PILED ON THE BEACHES

that they would not be permitted to sail from British ports. In the Pierrois graveyards scores of memorial slabs record the fate of fishermen who have disappeared on the Grand Banks, overturned from their dories, or sunk with their schooners, by storm, berg, or liner. One section of the cemetery is tenanted by the unknown dead, the human flotsam swept in by the sea. Bodies are often afloat on the Banks, and sometimes humanely disposed skippers will rescue them for Christian burial. But this virtue is rare in the French. They are more apt, as one dory did last year, to strip the sea-boots and oil-skins from a corpse, and throw it over again. Another found a body, hitched a line to it and towed it in to St. Pierre, making it fast against the quay, where it lay for thirty-six hours under the gaze of the curious, until the red-tape formalities prescribed for its removal and interment were complied with.

This Grand Bank fishery is prosecuted on precisely similar lines by New England, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland fishermen, and all of these have an "Anglo-Saxon Alliance" against poor "Frenchy." The French are undoubtedly the slowest and poorest fishermen of all, and this gives color to the accusation frequently heard that they rob

the others' trawls. An irate Yankee skipper, last summer, finding such had been done—as great a crime on the Banks as horse-thieving on the prairies—put his helm over, ran down on a Frenchman he suspected, and arousing her crew to frantic gestures over fear of collision, swung off a point, and neatly rammed "Froggie's" whole batch of dories, eight in all, which went swiftly to bottom, compelling their owners to up-anchor and start for home at once. Another large French vessel, which

had driven a small Newfoundland crew off a promising "spot," was cut adrift that night by the latter, and lost her mainmast, the rigging of which they had severed. Banking vessels are not moored by chains, which would tear out their bows, but by hempen cables in which there is ample "spring." So, when the storm threatens to bury them, or an oncoming iceberg or steamer to ram them, they sever the cable with an axe, and often escape the threatening doom.

One of the chief causes of bad blood between the French and their rivals is the belief of the latter that the French often allow an endangered crew to perish, when a little risk might save them; though in the reverse case Britishers or Americans never hesitate. Hence the contempt for "Froggie" leads to many wild affrays. St. Pierre is frequented by all of these nationalities in stress of weather, and boasting in the cabarets is frequently punctuated with bloodshed, while crowds of tipsy alien trawlmen make wreck of the bars, and pile the gendarmes in disheveled pyramids in the public square. The hostility between the Ternovans and Pierrois is specially bitter, owing to the "Bait Act." St. Pierre has to depend for its bait upon the minor fishes obtained only in the

Newfoundland littoral. Fifteen years ago the French Government increased the fishing bounties, and the Breton armateurs — fishery outfitters — began underselling the Newfoundlanders in the Catholic countries of Southern Europe, where most of the cod goes. Newfoundland retaliated by passing the Bait Act, a measure prohibiting the French from entering her waters to procure this medium, and forbidding her own people to convey bait to St. Pierre to

foreign cod is very severe. A Newfoundland fisherman named Deady lent his schooner to a neighbor, named Warren, to convey a load of firewood to St. Pierre for sale. Warren took a keg of cod-roes also. These being discovered, the vessel was confiscated, though the Newfoundland government offered every proof that she was another man's property. A St. Pierre merchant bought her and sent her to the Banks. Returning on July 13, Deady was noti-



BRINGING SUPPLIES FROM NEWFOUNDLAND

the French. Enforcing this annually with cruisers and coastguards, Newfoundland has now got the French catch down to half of what it was; and this season it is so short that many failures have occurred, and the solvent existence of St. Pierre is threatened. Naturally, then, the hatred against the Newfoundlanders is intense, and is exhibited on every possible occasion.

One instance of this occurred five years ago. Because of the large bounties given, the law against purchasing

fied by a friend, and, crossing the next night in a skiff, cut her out of the roadstead and carried her home, with two thousand dollars' worth of fish aboard. It was the Festival of the Republic, and all St. Pierre was *en fête*, the vessel being empty but for one man, whom they threw into a dory to make his way to land. He gave the alarm and warships were sent in pursuit, but the vessel was then in Newfoundland waters and could not be taken. Long diplomatic correspondence ensued, but noth-

ing came of it. Three years later another craft, confiscated for a similar offence, was recovered in the same way, and since then the Pierrois courts have not enforced the confiscation clause, knowing that a "cutting-out expedition" is certain to follow.

Last summer an American skipper, who was swindled by a Pierrois dealer in the purchase of a mooring cable to replace one that had broken on the Banks, slyly hitched a hawser to a second that was coiled in front of the trader's store on the quay. Then he put his vessel for the open sea with all sails set. As the rope uncoiled and his trick was seen, the trader and his friends grasped the cable, hoping to retain it; but they were pulled along until some were sooused into the land-wash, while the Yankee got away with his prize. Of course St. Pierre is a closed port to him since, but he counts the satisfaction he got as more than compensating him for that.

In 1900 a Ternovan smack rescued the crew of a French banker, at great risk. Bringing them to port the French skipper was unthankful, demanding

even his dories, which had been saved by the other's crew, who were hoping to be given them to sell. Disgusted though he was, the Newfoundland skipper housed the Frenchmen for a week, as he was to pass St. Pierre then and would land them. On the way he made out the bill for their week's board, as shipwrecked seamen, for the French skipper to certify. The latter, noting the small charge, suggested an increase, saying: "We vide (divide) then." The other agreed, and at St. Pierre the bill was paid after some demur, during which the Frenchman testified that his crew had got "rosbif" and other dainties. As they left the office the Frenchman said: "We will go into this café and vide." But the other rejoined: "I am not dividing today, John; here's fifty cents to buy yourself a drink." Like a flash the Frenchman reached for his knife, but his quick-handed rival, expecting something of the kind, promptly floored him with a facer.

Apart from such incidents, though, the social life of St. Pierre is genial and serene. Hospitality is a virtue; the stranger is made at home. In summer,



THE OLD FORT AND ITS OBSOLETE CANNON



IN THE CATHEDRAL AT ST. PIERRE

when the French and British warships, that keep the peace among their fisher-folk, visit the port, gay times ensue. Balls and parties are held, usually on Sunday evenings, and racing and firing matches organized. The cafés must, however, close at ten each night, when a gendarme drummer parades the town, beating "lights out." In the forenoon this functionary, by blast of bugle, summons the curious to the public square, to proclaim orders, sales, and obituaries. Funerals are conducted most elaborately on the continental plan, and often cost large sums. Weddings, too, involve *dots* and contracts as in the Motherland. Water pipes running from reservoirs in the hills, and electric lights replacing the quaint oil lamps whose ornamental iron brackets still adorn the street corners, are the sole evidences of modern progress. There are no trams, street-cars, telephones, newspapers, theatres, laundries or other accessories of advanced existence. Everything is sleepy, restful, and old-fashioned. Save for the Atlantic cable which touches there, it is as

isolated from the world as Greenland. Goats browse on the rocky inclines, and goat's milk is served at table. The cuisine is essentially French, the *pot-au-feu* and Breton dishes being much in evidence. Wines are drunk by all, and even the fishermen are allowed by law a glass of brandy at each meal on board ship. Women wash all the clothing in the streams that cascade down the hill-sides, and bleach it on the mossy turf. The men being away fishing, most of the work falls on them, and they gather faggots of wood from the wreckage that drifts in, or crew the fire-engine on occasion.

A large stone building, now unused, once held four hundred *disciplinaires*, convicts from France, sent out to build the quays, forts, and the four stone government edifices the town boasts. These men, like the Foreign Legion in Africa, were drilled for military service. England protested, as the treaties forbade it, and France might make the place a naval base, so they were withdrawn. For the same reason modern

cannon are not permitted there, and those in the fort are so old as to be no longer used, one having exploded and killed an artillerist four years ago. Hence, on the Fête Nationale, July 14, the salute has to be fired by a warship. This is a "glorious fourteenth" for the Pierrois of every class and station, with races and sports by day, fireworks and dances by night. The festivals of the Catholic Church are observed with great éclat also, processions and ceremonies being held. The cathedral was destroyed by the fire which swept the town in November, 1902, and one of the first acts of the new pope, Pius X, was to grant a sum towards rebuilding it; for the Breton sardine fishers had the poorest of fortune last spring, and the cod fishers on the Banks were equally luckless during the summer. The Pierrois are, as a class, deeply religious, and untainted by the infidelity of mother France; so the enforcement in the little colony of the Law of Associations, compelling the expulsion in August last of the Christian Brothers who taught the boys' school, provoked a riot unequalled in its history. The decision to expel the Sisters of Charity, who taught the girls and maintained the Marine Hospital, had to be abandoned. And the crucifixes removed from the courts were restored, the witnesses refusing to be sworn on the emblem of the Republic. The same feeling animates some, at least, of the Bretons, who every autumn make a pilgrimage to the Chapel of Our Lady of the Dunes, near Dunkirk, to burn their "return candle" at the shrine, and to send up prayers of thanks for being saved from death on the Banks.

A wide highway crosses St. Pierre island, from the far end of which is obtained a splendid view of Langlade and Miquelon. These were formerly separated by a shoal strait, but it is now choked up with sand and with the broken hulls of ships wrecked there through mistaking it for a navigable

passage. A solid causeway is formed, known as "The Dunes," which can be traversed dry-shod; but no person will venture there after nightfall, for the place is believed to be haunted by the spirits of shipwrecked mariners whose wraiths are often seen heralding the approach of a storm. Wrecks are still frequent in these fog-enshrouded waters, the big Canadian liner *Monterey* going ashore at Miquelon in July last, on her way from Montreal to Liverpool with a full general cargo and a thousand cattle, the salving of which proved a veritable bonanza to the Pierrois and Ternovans who gathered in hundreds. Another profitable business is smuggling—American fishing vessels bringing stocks of opium, drugs, champagne, silks, perfumery, and tobacco to Maine and Massachusetts; Canadian craft carrying whole cargoes of liquors to Nova Scotia and Quebec; and the Newfoundland smacks securing most articles of food, clothing, utility, or ornament there. In the past France bore the chief cost of maintaining a colony; but of late the burden has been transferred to the local administration.

The future of St. Pierre is a subject of speculation, as its fisheries are declining and its population discontented. They are desirous of annexation to the United States, and think France would sell rather than see the place fall into the hands of England. On the other hand, it has become a tenet in the creeds of both Canada and Newfoundland that if the islands pass from the sceptre of France they must be incorporated with Newfoundland, of which they are geographically a part. But there is no immediate prospect of a transfer. The recent Anglo-French treaty, while settling the vexed French Shore Question in Newfoundland's favor, leaves the tricolor still waving over St. Pierre.

P.J.W. Latte

HOW A NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE WORKS

BY AN EX-SYNDICATOR

In the old days a newspaper syndicate meant a chain of newspapers each of which, generally upon solicitation, had entered into an agreement to take the same article, or more usually a series of articles, for simultaneous publication. The syndicate was formed by the man or concern furnishing the articles, and this man or company was called the syndicate. It was a natural step for the syndicate to send out, occasionally, matter that had not been contracted for, on the chance of its being accepted; and from that it was another easy step to the sending out of unsolicited matter to other papers not in the chain—to any paper, indeed, that would be likely to take it.

For several years there were only a few of these syndicates, possibly not more than two, the originators of which have long since passed into other fields where the harvesting of the financial crop is still easier. As a rule, the matter sent out by the pioneers in the business was of a special character and of some distinction. It generally filled the requisite of timeliness. The great bulk of it consisted of description of travel, or of scientific or industrial processes, and similar subjects, though some attention was given to fiction, too. The newspapers using this matter were wide apart so far as their fields were concerned, with no overlapping circulation; and of course each one got it cheaper than if it had taken the material exclusively.

It seems to have taken a long time for other people, with good stuff to sell, to realize the large profit in this method;

yet it is a surprisingly simple piece of arithmetic. For instance, if one paper will take two columns of matter at five dollars a column, it means ten dollars; which often enough is good pay, but which in other cases, because of the time and expense involved in gathering the material, leaves the writer nothing in the way of profit. If, instead of selling to one paper, the writer can sell to ten or twenty papers at three or four dollars a column, the receipts for the same work, at about the same cost of putting out, amount to from sixty to one hundred and sixty dollars; so that it will pay handsomely even if the seller goes to considerable expense to get the matter, such expense as is involved, for instance, in buying it from high-priced experts. Similarly, an article of half a column in length, hardly paying the trouble of preparing it if sold to only one paper, may be made to yield a tidy little sum.

Once this method was realized, the number of people who adopted it increased by leaps and bounds, until there is hardly any one around a newspaper office, down to the newest cub reporter, who has not tried it, and kept it up at least long enough to learn its peculiar difficulties and discouragements. The system, as it has been developed to date, has far exceeded the wildest dreams of its originators, and has had a larger share than any other single factor in the evolution of the modern Sunday newspaper. It has not only created that curious phenomenon, the "Sunday editor," but has largely determined the work required

of him; while it may, in its further ramifications, eliminate him.

Of course, the openness of the field to all who can buy the necessary postage stamps—no small expense in some cases—has flooded the market, and many syndicators say has ruined it, although it has constantly expanded. From special articles, requiring the knowledge of an expert or the painstaking investigation of a trained workman, the character of the matter sent out has widened and expanded until it now includes everything that any kind of a Sunday newspaper will publish—and the adroitly managed syndicate is all things to all newspapers. Indeed, if the syndicate does not market everything with the utmost promptness as soon as thought of or suggested, it is apt to find that some other syndicate has got in ahead and flooded the country with the same idea. So fierce now is the competition that it is not an unusual thing for a newspaper that is a good buyer of such matter to receive two or three articles from as many different syndicates at the same time, involving the same subject similarly treated. This shows how closely the syndicates study the market, but still more it indicates how very many syndicates there are.

Photographs to illustrate the article are now an essential feature of syndicate work, and though they greatly increase the cost to the sender—involving the hiring of a photographer and models, the making of a large number of prints of each photograph, and a heavy increase in the cost of mailing—they always help to sell the "story." Indeed, in these days of increasingly illustrated journalism, the pictures are often the most important part of the offering.

Whole fashion pages are now syndicated, down to the answers to correspondents; and whoever wants to go to the trouble may find identically the same anxious inquiry about how to make the hair curl, or how to fill out the hollows in a scrawny neck, in half

a dozen Sunday papers of the same date throughout the country, signed by identically the same anxious inquirer. The fashion page, indeed, has been for some time the most remunerative for syndicates conducted on a sufficiently large scale. In the monotony of modern civilization fashions for women—at least for all the kinds of women who read the Sunday papers—appear to be the same thing at the same time the country over; and rather than assume the responsibility of deciding points of difference between bathing suits for Denver and for Atlantic City, let us say, the average editor is glad to take the word of some authority—either recognized or sufficiently insisted on—that there are none. Even in papers that have women to look after the fashion work, the use of syndicated fashions is often a regular thing; and now some of the largest papers in the big cities are themselves syndicating their own fashion pages to other papers. Some of the papers using these pages are as large, or at least as vociferously prosperous, as the paper that offers them. Closely allied to the fashion articles offered by the syndicates are those on physical culture for women, and on all similar subjects which afford any excuse for printing pictures of pretty women. If, for instance, it is no more than a question of telling how to pack clothes away to keep out moths, or how to apply cold cream to the neck, or how to clean jewelry, or what to wear while traveling on a sleeping-car, pictures of pretty models are important even when their connection with the article is of the slightest. They frequently determine the acceptance of the matter, and make the pay for it much better.

Papers which syndicate their fashion pages generally offer other matter in the same way, not only special articles they are using themselves, but some of their regular "department features" as well. Thus the colored comic pages of nearly all the Sunday papers throughout the country are syndicate matter, and the

faces of "The Yellow Kid," "Buster Brown," and a host of others, are now as familiar to the readers of Western papers as to the readers of those Eastern papers which invented them.

At least two of the very largest papers in the country, one in New York and one in Philadelphia, have gone into the syndicate business so extensively as to send out page matrices of about all of their features that are not purely local; and some of the large papers that use them have adjusted the size of their Sunday page so they will fit. These matrices are the same as those made by the paper for its own use in casting the page plate for the press. They are cheaply prepared; and they are cheap for the paper using them, as they do away with all type-setting of the matter contained, and with several other mechanical processes. They are light in weight and cheaply shipped. Matter syndicated in this way is of course definitely contracted for in advance; and this still further cheapens the service, since it dispenses with much bookkeeping and correspondence on the part of the syndicate, and eliminates the items of expense involved in the shipments of matter that is refused.

From such large methods, which are among the latest manifestations of the industry, the business of syndication grades down to that of the small operator who sends out, on the mere chance, anything he comes across that seems likely to catch. And, aside from the big and little fellows who are regularly in the business, there are a host of chevaliers of enterprise who, when they first learn of the method, embrace it with an enthusiasm that is soon discouraged. While the ventures of these experimenters generally result in loss, the sum total of all the matter accepted from them does indeed crowd the market in a way which seems to warrant the statement of the "regular" that the business has gone to smash.

The details of the methods of the

newspaper syndicate seem simple enough; yet it is a curious business, full of unique surprises, conducted with scant courtesy, governed by constantly changing rules that apply to it alone, with all sorts of fine points learned only by close experience, and more frankly commercial than that of the literary agent. Having sent out his article on a chance, the syndicator is not likely to hear anything from it until he gets it back rejected—most frequently too late to offer to another paper in the same field—or else sees it in print. In the latter case he may get a check without further correspondence; but many papers pay nothing until they receive a bill with a clipping of the article attached. Very often the accepted article is shortened, altered, or entirely rewritten, at the option of the editor and without consulting the writer. Unless the syndicator names the price, payment is made at a fixed rate established by the paper. Occasionally this rate varies with the quality of the article, but not often. It is, however, very different with different papers. An article that brings as much as fifteen dollars from one may bring as little as four from another.

As may be guessed, the bookkeeping needed to carry on such a business is complicated. No matter what the experience of the syndicator, it is impossible to tell which papers will accept his article, or to calculate in advance his receipts. This is because—no matter how well he knows the market and what each paper wants—he can never keep himself informed as to what it has on hand, and as to what it is receiving from his innumerable competitors. All the time the syndicator must keep accurate record as to where all his articles are, and as far as possible how each is getting along. He must know, also, which papers require bills, and which do not; and the day of the month, or the month following publication, on which each makes payment.

The almost universal use of syndicate matter may be taken as an admission by the world of journalism that in this country, in these days when every hamlet in the land has a printing press and a news wire, a newspaper of national circulation is no longer possible; or, if possible, not sufficiently remunerative to strive for. And so papers which are genuinely enterprising, and which put forth their best efforts to establish and maintain a reputation for originality and exclusiveness, nevertheless accept something from the syndicates. There is certainly not a paper in New York or Chicago, where enterprise is supposed to be particularly strong, or in Philadelphia or Boston, where conservatism is a matter of pride, that has not used within the current month, some syndicate matter. Some papers still eschew it, as a rule, but there is none that would not accept a piece of matter of commanding importance, such as a genuine interview with Mr. Cleveland on the failure of President Roosevelt, or the utterance of a man really prominent in finance, commerce, science, or education, on some timely question.

Of course the exchange editor, who in the way of daily routine work sees all the papers published in the country, and who, as might be expected, is something of a pessimist, groans over the deadly sameness of all the Sunday papers, for which the syndicate is responsible; and the Sunday editor, who sees a good many Sunday papers himself if only for the purpose of learning what other papers are doing and how badly he has been beaten on features, admits the fact and acknowledges the cause. But he argues, and with some force, that the great mass of readers, those who go to make up the circulation so dear to the advertiser's heart, only read one paper, or, if they happen to look at another, it is one from the same town.

Of course, too, there is a feeling among the old fashioned that the use of a piece of syndicate matter, not labeled

as such, is a pretense amounting to a deception; and so, indeed, it is to the few "old subscribers" and "constant readers" who still fancy with fond pride that something particularly good in their own pet paper is to be found nowhere else. But this is so clearly a sentimental quibble that many papers now using syndicate matter continue to run the copyright line under the first-page title, where it is supposed to cover the contents of the entire issue. And, since the syndicated article really was written for each of the papers that accept it, many of the papers using it give it the appearance of greater exclusiveness by running a line at the top, to the effect that it was written for that paper.

The prejudice against the syndicate held by those who make their living by writing for the newspapers is neither more nor less than that which the workman in any field has against the trust or combine that crowds him out of a job by machinery, or by other methods of cheap duplication which lessens the number of workmen needed without lessening the market. This prejudice exists among all newspaper men to a greater or less extent, but the situation is philosophically accepted. The prices paid by the syndicate to its writers are somewhat better than the prices paid by the newspapers.

In Europe the newspaper syndicate is still in its sickly infancy, partly because of conservatism and partly because there newspapers of national circulation are still more or less possible. Until now most of the syndicates sending matter to English papers have been American. The five or six days required for the passage of the mails permits of a variation of a day or two in the release date, so that a feature used here on Sunday is good there Saturday or Monday. The newspaper syndicate is making its way slowly in England, but it is doubtful if the influence of this labor-saving agency will ever be as far-reaching there as in the United States.

A Group of AMERICAN COLLEGE PRESIDENTS





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BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER
PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Dr. Wheeler is a graduate of Brown University. He specialized in philology in German universities, and returned to an instructorship in Brown. He was called to a professorship in Harvard, and later accepted the chair of Greek in Cornell University. He assumed his present position in 1899. His successful administrative career in the West has added to the admirable reputation which he made in the East.



Photograph by Hollinger

JOHN HUSTON FINLEY

PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

Dr. Finley has had an exceptionally brilliant career. He received his training in economics and politics in Johns Hopkins University, and from 1889 to 1892 he was secretary of the State Charities Aid Association of New York. He was then elected president of Knox College, at the age of twenty-nine. In 1900 he accepted the chair of politics in Princeton University, and three years later he was appointed to his present important position.



EDMUND J. JAMES

PRESIDENT OF NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

The energetic and versatile work of Dr. James in political science and educational administration had earned an international reputation before his appointment to a college presidency. Dr. James was in the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania from 1883 to 1895. He then became director of the university extension division of the University of Chicago. From Chicago he went direct to the presidency of Northwestern in 1902.



Photograph by E. Chickering

HENRY SMITH PRITCHETT
PRESIDENT OF MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

President Pritchett's specialty is astronomy. After filling important college chairs and conducting government astronomical expeditions, he was appointed in 1897 superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. This position he resigned three years later to assume the administration of the great technical school which has notably broadened its scope under his direction.



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WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE

PRESIDENT OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE

In 1885, just six years after graduating from Harvard University, Dr. Hyde became president of Bowdoin College. He is a typical representative of the best culture of New England. Dr. Hyde is a notable preacher of social ethics, and his numerous popular books on ethical topics have carried his influence far beyond the confines of New England.



Photograph by Edmondson

CHARLES FRANKLIN THWING
PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY

Dr. Thwing is a New England man, educated at Harvard and at Andover Theological Seminary. After ten years' experience in Congregational pulpits, Dr. Thwing was appointed to his present position in 1890. He has written much and forcibly on the broader aspects of college life and its relations to the outside world.



Photograph by Norton Brothers

WILLIAM H. P. FAUNCE
PRESIDENT OF BROWN UNIVERSITY

President Faunce was appointed in 1899 to the presidency of Brown, of which University he had successively been student, instructor, and trustee. He took a theological course at Newton Seminary, and spent fifteen years in pastoral work in Massachusetts and in New York City before he returned to Brown University as its chief executive. He is an important factor in current religious and educational discussion.



CHARLES WILLIAM DABNEY
PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE

Dr. Dabney, who has been president of the University of Tennessee for seventeen years, will assume the presidency of the University of Cincinnati next fall. A Virginian by birth, he has devoted his entire career to the educational and industrial development of the South. His scientific interest is principally in the field of industrial chemistry, and he has rendered distinguished service in the promotion of scientific agriculture.



BLOSSOM AND FRUITAGE

ORANGE CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA

There are now three well-developed centres of orange-culture in the United States—Florida, Louisiana, and California. The orange was doubtless introduced into this country by the Spanish explorers, as large groves of wild trees, of the bitter variety, were discovered at a later period in what is now Florida. That State was long our most important orange-producing centre, its fruit being of superior excellence to that imported because it could be left to ripen on the trees and then shipped to Northern markets without serious loss from decay.

But in no country of the world has the cultivation of the orange developed more rapidly or more successfully than in sunny California, the land of strange contradictions—of eternal snows on its lofty mountain peaks, of endless summer in its sheltered valleys. Nearly a hundred thousand acres are devoted to orange culture; and with Nature at her best, and rarely giving less than three hundred sunny days to every year, the groves seldom fail to yield an abundant crop. Here, within sight of snow-capped mountains, oranges and many other fruits of sub-tropical regions grow to almost ideal perfection.

California's first orange trees were planted in the famous old Mission gardens, over a century ago, by the Franciscan Fathers, when the Missions were

beginning their attempt to civilize and Christianize the native Indians. These orchards were for private use only, and but little attention was paid to extending their cultivation. No one dreamed that in the coming years oranges would be among the chief sources of wealth and employment in this wonderful "Golden State" by the far western sea; and it was not until as late as 1880 that their cultivation was begun on a large scale, with the view of profitable financial returns.

The trees are grown chiefly from seed, and the seedlings are usually planted in March and April, although some planters prefer a later season. To produce special varieties of oranges it is necessary that the young seedlings be grafted or budded, and this is usually done in the spring. The general method is to plant the seed of the orange and then bud the young trees while they are still in the nursery, when they are about two years old, at which time they have attained a height of about two feet. Of course, select varieties are used in the budding. When the young bud has grown to become a part of the plant, the upper part of the tree is cut off, and the graft or budded shoot is straightened up and kept in this upright position by being tied to a stake close beside the original trunk. This shoot

gradually develops into the full-grown tree. The tree thus grafted is transported to the field from the nursery when about four years old. It then grows rapidly, and being, as a rule, strong and vigorous, is not likely to die through transplanting.

In planting the trees it is necessary to consider carefully symmetry of appearance, economy of space, and convenience for the subsequent cultivation of the soil. There are several systems of

being straight and the branches symmetrical. The blossoms are of a delicate white color and deliciously fragrant, giving sweet promise of the luscious fruitage concealed in their hidden depths.

The tree is remarkable for its longevity. In Cordova, Spain, there is a grove said to be not less than seven centuries old; and these ancient trees, although hollow and knotted, are still covered with blossom and fruitage.



A PROLIFIC BRANCH

arranging the trees, but the plan known as the square is the one most generally adopted. By this system, at the usual distance of twenty feet apart, one hundred and twenty trees are planted to the acre; prize Navels and Mediterranean Sweets are usually planted twenty-four feet apart, giving seventy-six trees to the acre.

Ordinarily, the orange tree, a beautiful evergreen, reaches a height of from twenty-five to thirty feet. It is of remarkably graceful proportions, the trunk

The orange tree is very vigorous, and is remarkably prolific. It is stated that as many as twenty thousand oranges have been picked from a single tree in the Azores in one season; while at least half that number have been gathered from one in Florida. It is recorded that two magnificent old trees in Seville, Spain, have yielded above thirty thousand each in a single season; and at Nice is a tree, fifty feet in height and three feet in diameter, which produces six thousand oranges. As a rule, how-



A CLUSTER OF CALIFORNIA ORANGES



PICKING ORANGES AT RIVERSIDE

ever, trees bear from five hundred to two thousand oranges annually.

The tree is very uniform in its bearing, there being no off years. The blossom and fruit are rarely hurt save as the result of unexpected frost, the orange-grower's most dreaded enemy. This danger, while serious, seldom threatens more than a few nights a season, and is usually met by the use of coal fires in wire baskets—from twenty to fifty to an acre. By this

give ample protection. The Monterey cypress is used for the same purpose.

The "King of California Oranges" is the title given the Washington Navel. This is California's pride, and is the ruling favorite in the markets of the world. It is large and seedless and in its origin represents one of Nature's many freaks. While it was unknown to this country prior to 1870, yet it was grown in Brazil at least as far back as 1662. Some thirty-four years ago twelve trees, propa-



IRRIGATING AN ORCHARD

method the temperature is raised several degrees and the fruit is saved. The roofing of orchards is also resorted to as a protection from frost and from heat.

The sweetest and best oranges are grown on southern exposures. It is often necessary to protect the orchards from the strong prevailing winds, and this is frequently done by planting what are known as wind-breaks, consisting of alternate pepper and eucalyptus trees, set some ten or twelve feet apart. These trees, being rapid growers, soon

gated by the process of budding, were sent by a wide-awake American consul in Bahia, Brazil, to our government hot-houses in Washington, D. C., and there carefully nurtured. Some of these are still alive and bearing fruit. These were used as stock from which to propagate by budding, and trees thus budded were sent to different parts of the country in order that experiments might be made with them. Two of these budded trees were taken to California in 1873, and when they reached the bear-



ORANGE GROVES ON THE FOOT-HILLS

ing age their fruit surpassed all expectations. This fine orange first attracted general attention at a fair held in Riverside in 1879, and it at once became a prime favorite. Its propagation was rapid, and today many thousands of acres are devoted to its cultivation. The tree is a semi-dwarf, the blossom is double, and the fruit delicious. It gets its dual name from the fact that it was first cultivated in this country in Washington, and because of the peculiar navel-like form which distinguishes it.

Although orange culture is carried on in many of the lower uplands of California, yet, as a commercial industry, it is almost entirely confined to a district popularly designated in California as "The Thermal Belt."

It lies stretched along the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and from San Diego on the south to Tehama and Butte counties, in the upper Sacramento valley, on the north, a distance of over seven hundred miles, and varying in width from three to

thirty miles. It is estimated that in this belt there are a million and a half acres which are adapted to the cultivation of citrus fruits on a paying basis. The altitude ranges from 300 to 1,800 feet above sea-level. The mean summer temperature of this belt is somewhat higher in the northern portion than in the southern, but the mean winter temperature is higher in the southern than in the northern portion. The mean temperature for the year does not vary more than four degrees throughout the whole belt. According to the Weather Bureau, the extremes of temperature in this belt are from 60 to 68 degrees. Some idea can be formed of this delightful and uniform climate when it is remembered that on our thermometers 56 degrees are marked "temperate," and 76 degrees are marked "summer heat." In California, the variation in the thermal belt is eight degrees, and summer heat is unknown; in the East the variation is above a hundred, with great extremes

of heat and cold. For the most part, the thermal belt follows the foot-hills, and the grower of oranges must consider the elevation, study the position of the soil, guard against frosty spots, secure protection from heavy winds, and provide for systematic and sufficient irrigation.

The map of the thermal belt (page 810) shows where the California orange industry is centered. Five years ago nearly the whole product came from one section. Of the 5,882,000 boxes produced in 1899, a total of 5,573,000 were grown in the five counties of Los Angeles, Orange, San Bernardino, Riverside, and San Diego. At present, however, the proportion is not so large, owing to increased development in other sections of the State.

Orange groves, in full bearing, frequently yield handsome returns on the investments made. A crop of five acres recently sold for \$1,575 on the trees. Some orchards yield as much as \$1,800 per acre; but this, of course, is exceptional. Ordinarily, a carefully cultivated

orchard of ten acres ought to yield a sure annual profit of from \$1,200 to \$2,000. In full bearing, the average orchard yields about \$150 per acre. Good orange land may be bought from \$50 to \$150 per acre. Groves, including all the water rights and privileges, have sold as high as \$2,500 per acre, but this rarely happens. The industry is a constantly growing one. About \$50,000,000 capital is invested in California groves. Records of the State's product show that the shipments in 1888 were less than one million boxes; in 1897 they had reached four and one-third; in 1902, a little more than eight; and in 1903, eleven and a half millions boxes.

This year thirty thousand carloads of oranges have been shipped out of the State, enough to pay a handsome dividend. Growers are looking hopefully to the construction of the Panama Canal, which they think will reduce one-third the present freight rate of ninety cents a box which the railroads charge on New York shipments.

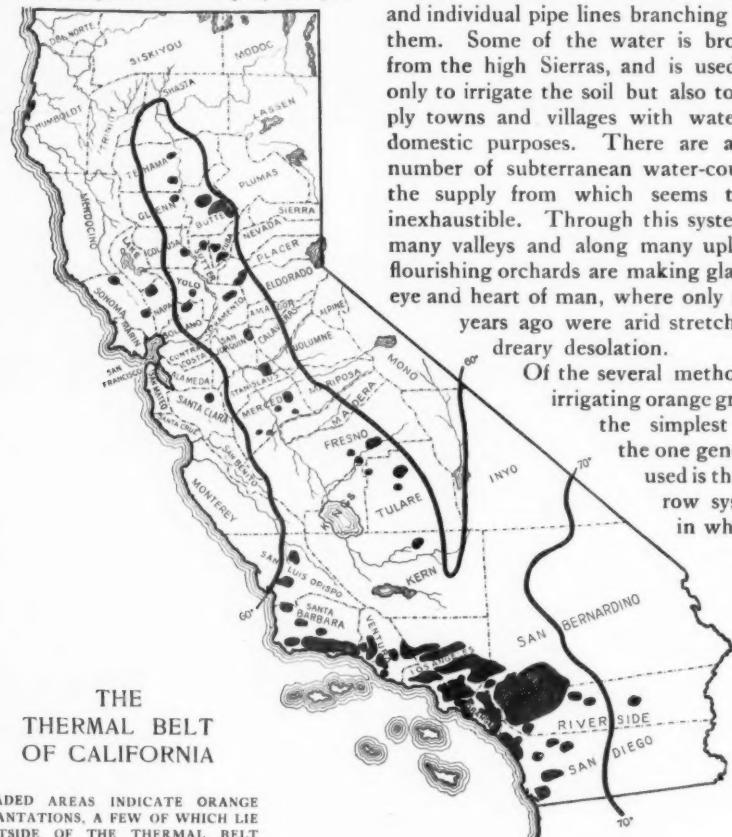


IN THE PACKING-HOUSE

In California irrigation and cultivation are closely associated; indeed, without irrigation cultivation in some portions of the State would be not only a serious problem but altogether an impossibility. A million and a half acres are being benefited through its instrumentality. In San Bernardino county irrigation was commenced a century ago by the Franciscan Fathers at the San Gabriel Mission, by the digging of a ditch for the purpose of conveying water through their lands. This ancient water-course is still in active operation. A half century later a party of Mormons commenced the construction of ditches for the purpose of irrigation, and demonstrated their practical utility by the pro-

duction of bountiful crops. It was soon discovered that the system was a complete safeguard against the disasters of a dry season. Fruit growers were quick to learn the immense value of this artificial method of watering the soil, and orange culture owes quite as much to the splendid system of irrigation now in operation as it does to the marvelous climate. The water is procured from artesian and other wells, from mountain streams, from artificial lakes made by damming up the water-courses on the higher slopes, and from other sources. It is conducted wherever needed by pipes, ditches, and canals. There are hundreds of miles of these main arteries, and thousands of miles of lateral and individual pipe lines branching from them. Some of the water is brought from the high Sierras, and is used not only to irrigate the soil but also to supply towns and villages with water for domestic purposes. There are also a number of subterranean water-courses, the supply from which seems to be inexhaustible. Through this system, in many valleys and along many uplands, flourishing orchards are making glad the eye and heart of man, where only a few years ago were arid stretches of dreary desolation.

Of the several methods of irrigating orange groves, the simplest and the one generally used is the furrow system, in which a





SORTING ORANGES BY MACHINERY

number of furrows are plowed between the rows of trees, the first one being a few feet distant from the trunk, and through these the water flows until the ground is thoroughly saturated. It is necessary to keep the ground under cultivation to prevent the growth of weeds, and also that the soil may freely admit the water. The development of orange culture through the process of irrigation is a triumph of modern horticulture.

The fruit is gathered by persons standing on the ground and on ladders. As a rule, trees are rarely stripped at once; the fruit is usually gathered as it ripens. It is necessary to handle oranges with the utmost care to avoid bruising, and this makes the packing for shipment one of the fine arts of the business. The oranges are assorted by machinery, and those of the same size are packed together. So carefully and compactly is this done that there is very little risk of their becoming bruised

in transmission from grower to consumer. This work gives employment to many hundreds; and, with the exception of seeing the vast orchards transformed into living beauty by their snowy blossoms or luscious fruitage, nothing is more interesting than witnessing a busy hive of humanity preparing the oranges for shipment.

There are many perplexing problems which the orange grower has to face: whether to plant early or late, to prune high or low, what fertilizer to use, what method of irrigation to follow, and how to guard against frost and heat, insects, and natural diseases of the trees. Orange culture pays, but it pays at the expense of the most careful, painstaking attention and unremitting labor. Even in sun-kissed California man's brain is needed to assist Nature in making her supremest effort.

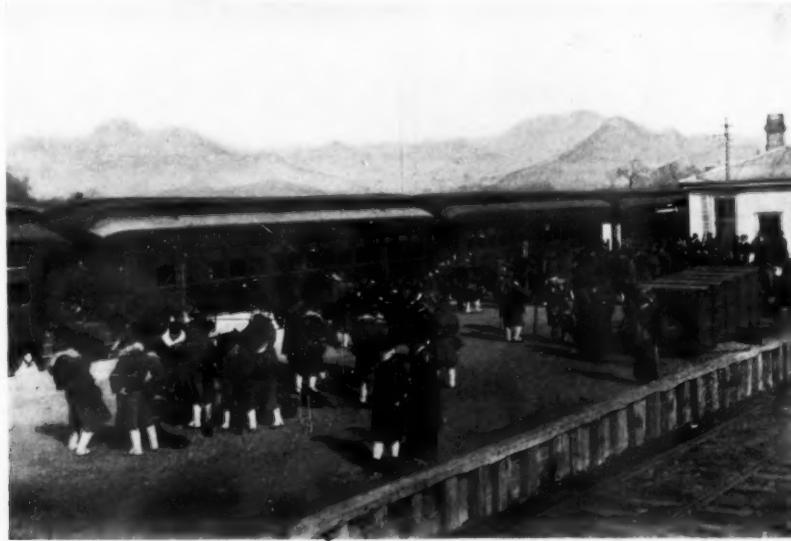
Allan Sutherland

WAR PICTURES FROM THE FORBIDDEN ZONE

Our representative in the Far East succeeded in getting two photographers to the front with the Japanese army, one with the First Division and the other with the Second. This was a difficult achievement, as the Mikado's ukase, making all the fields of military preparation and operation forbidden zones, has been enforced most rigidly by the authorities. The photographs here reproduced are the first fruits of the enterprise. They give a glimpse of the actual advance of Japanese regiments. The photograph showing the alighting of troops at Seoul from the cars of the Chemulpo and Seoul railway, and the one depicting the march through the main street of the Korean capital are especially notable. When it is realized that these soldiers were moved through Japan at night in box cars, and that absolute secrecy in regard to their advance was enjoined and maintained, the significance of authoritative pictures of the arrival of troops in Korea and their march toward the Yalu becomes apparent.



IN THE AOYAMA DRILL GROUND
LAST DRILL BEFORE LEAVING FOR THE FRONT



AT THE RAILROAD'S END



DETRAINING CAVALRY NEAR SEOUL



THE JAPANESE TROOPS ENTERING SEOUL



MARCHING THROUGH KOREAN SNOWS



ON A SPECIAL FROM CHEMULPO



A CAVALRY BIVOUAC

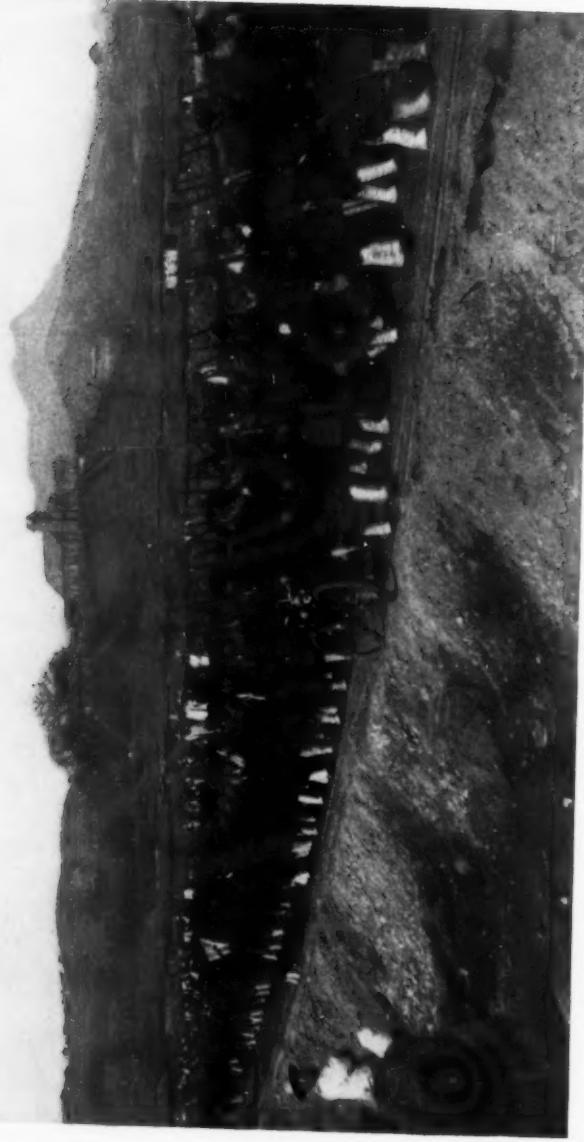


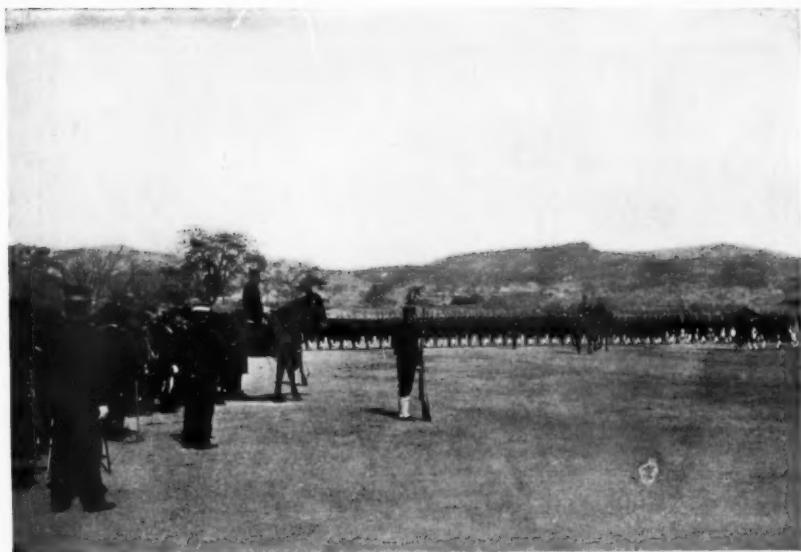
A HALT ON THE MARCH TO WIJU



ENCAMPED NEAR YANG-JU

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE KOREAN CAPITAL





REVIEWING THE GARRISON AT SEOUL



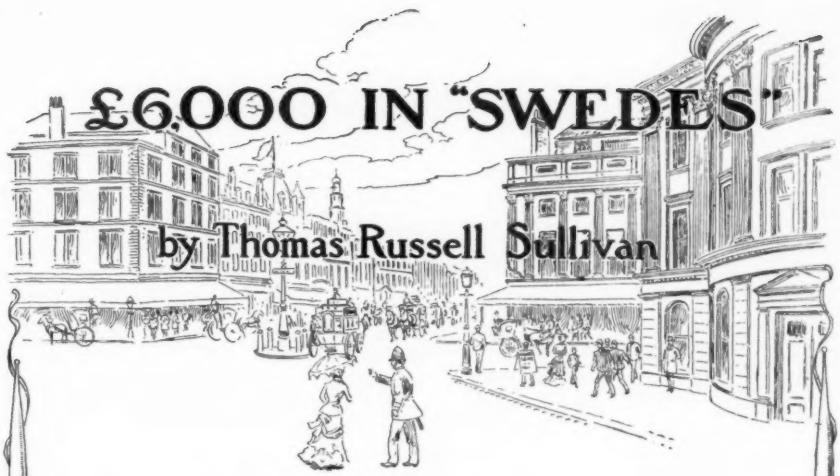
A SKIRMISH LINE



THE MOUNTAINS
BY ALBERT W. BARKER

Death holds eternal league about their peaks
And sets his crafty ambush here and there,
By seeming harmless ways that steeply fare
Past gorge and meadow and the icy creeks.
But not the fatal chance and fear alone
Defends their silence in the virgin air,
Or these would yield to him who dared to dare,
Their timeless might by courage overthrown.

Mortality doth look on death, and smile,
But to the peaks where hope and thought may leap,
The aching feet a flinty way must keep,
Step after step, and mile on bitter mile;
And the first crest that costs a weary while
Is but one step toward where the summits sleep.



£6,000 IN "SWedes"

by Thomas Russell Sullivan

Every householder of the West End knows Dunstan's by name, as well as by sight. And even the stranger, lurching down the Strand on the knife-board of his omnibus, looks up at the gray walls of the private bank with an air of respectful familiarity in the very moment of identification. Thereafter, though these walls bear no sign-boards, they need none for him. He recognizes a monumental importance in that stronghold of financial integrity, standing like a Parisian hotel of the old régime between its court and its garden. And there it has stood so long in honorable self-reliance that by common consent the descriptive part of its title has been dropped, leaving it to be known as a possession of the founder, who thus outlives his life two centuries. Not as Dunstan's Bank, but as Dunstan's, pure and simple, does the enterprise to which he committed himself in King William's time maintain its enviable place among the lesser landmarks of London.

Almost at the beginning of my apprenticeship with the very young American banking firm of Markham & Wade, I had been sent over to Dunstan's on some trifling errand—to get an acceptance probably—for their bills often passed through our hands; and I have a clear remembrance of the impression then made upon me by the spacious paneled rooms; the green-baize doors, swinging noiselessly; the mullioned windows, deeply recessed, through which, over a gnarled old hawthorn tree, slanted a misty gleam from the Thames. All these appointments had an air of completeness, a time-honored effect indicating perfect fitness of the means to the

end, and thus contrasting strangely with our own close quarters, hastily adapted to our needs on a short lease until we could find something better. I knew even then in a general way of the respect, naturally deeper far than mine, which my employers felt for the peculiar distinction acquired by Dunstan & Co.'s years of irreproachable success. But not until long afterward, when I had been admitted to confidential relations with the partners, did I learn that from their respect had sprung a desire, secretly cherished in the face of mighty obstacles, to turn Dunstan's name and fame to account. My chiefs were energetic Yankees, strong in the faith that overcometh fear, sanguine enough to believe that whatever a man wanted with his whole heart and soul must surely be his at last.

I could not help laughing in my sleeve a little when I discovered their pet ambition, which seemed to me practically hopeless. Yet my discovery was due to the fact that an ambitious dream of my own approached fulfilment. I longed to live in Paris; and thither it was appointed that I should go, to fill what I considered an important post in Markham & Wade's parent house of the Rue Saint-Arnaud. There had been vexatious delays, but the date of my departure now stood fixed for the first of November. This was only October the fifth; yet already I had begun to compute by days the time of durance remaining to me under the autumnal blanket of the fog that hung over Charing Cross. The Boulevard des Italiens had its fog, too, undoubtedly. I knew by experience, however, that life's conditions there were so cheery and bright as to dispel minor grievances of climate. Somehow, in Paris, I never considered the weather at all.

Not so, here. It had rained all day, and I was oppressed by the murkiness of the night as Mr. Markham and I turned out into it from what Gossip Quickly would have called the latter end of a sea-coal fire. Our senior partner was a bachelor, devoted chiefly to the routine of business, over which he often lingered in the private office until his dinner-hour and beyond it. Today, he had called me in for a word about my change of base; the word had led to another and still another; when seven o'clock struck we were deep in talk. Then he had proposed that we should dine together at a queer, old-fashioned chop-house near Temple Bar. So, splashing side by side along the muddy pavement, we passed Dunstan's. My companion glanced up at the dark walls with an expressive sigh, provoked by the train of thought we had been following.

"There's a house for you, Garner!" said he. "The very air of the place seems impregnated with the spirit of honor and riches."

"What is Dunstan like, I wonder?" was my somewhat inconsequent reply.

"Bless you, my boy, there hasn't been a Dunstan in the firm for these thousand years, more or less. Old Walbrook is the head of the house. I met him, by chance, the other night in the drawing-room of our friend, Mrs. Sterne—at her 'Sunday Evening.'"

"Ah! What was *he* like, then?"

"Quite in character, as Mrs. Sterne might say, if like her he trod the boards at the Haymarket—imposing, inflexible, autocratic—gray-whiskered, with something of a martial air. His unemotional eyes looked through me, but I never flinched. It surprised him, for I heard that he inquired afterward who I was. I did my best to be offish, you see; it is the only way to win him. But it will take years for that, I fear." And again Mr. Markham sighed.

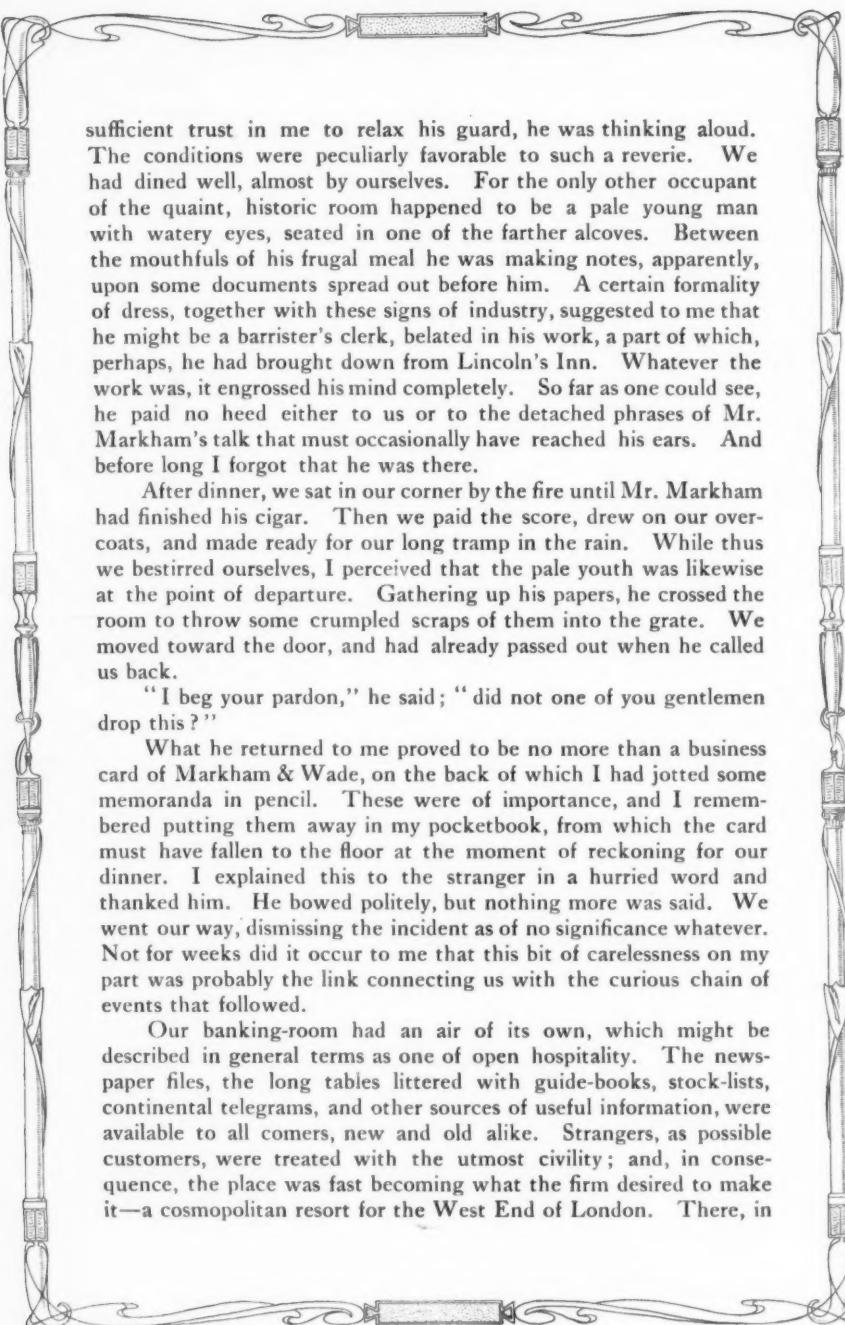
"To win him?" I repeated.

"Yes, my dear Tim, precisely that. He might do an immense deal for us—everything, in fact, by the mere turn of his hand. Suppose, for instance, that we stood in print as Parisian correspondents on Dunstan's credits. Think of the commissions that would come our way! You will see better what I mean when you get to Paris. And, as you are going there, Tim, I don't mind telling you confidentially, that I want just this very thing. I have wanted it a long while, but I can't find my way to accomplish it yet. In the present circumstances I could hardly ask Walbrook such a favor, of course."

"Of course," I gasped. The calm confession almost took away my breath. That Markham & Wade, young as they were, with a comparatively small capital, could dream of figuring upon Dunstan's credits to the exclusion of older and richer houses was to me inconceivable. Why not wish at once for the Pope's tiara, or even the philosopher's stone?

"No," continued Mr. Markham, more to himself, I fancied, than to me; "were I to ask that now, I should not be answered. Old Walbrook would stare and turn his back upon me. That would be fatal. Nothing kills like indifference. But the hour will come; all I have to do is to keep my eyes open and to bide my time."

"The hour will come." Musingly, in a snug chimney-corner at the Mitre Tavern, over a clearer fire than our own, Mr. Markham repeated his prophecy more than once that night. I had never considered him a dreamer, and this new phase of his character disturbed me at first. Then, on second thought, I was properly touched by his confidence. Does not every man have his hour that will come, his wild dream unrealized, hidden away in the sanctuary of his heart from vulgar eyes? Tomorrow, at his desk, Mr. Markham would be once more as I knew him, shrewd, alert, practical. Tonight, with



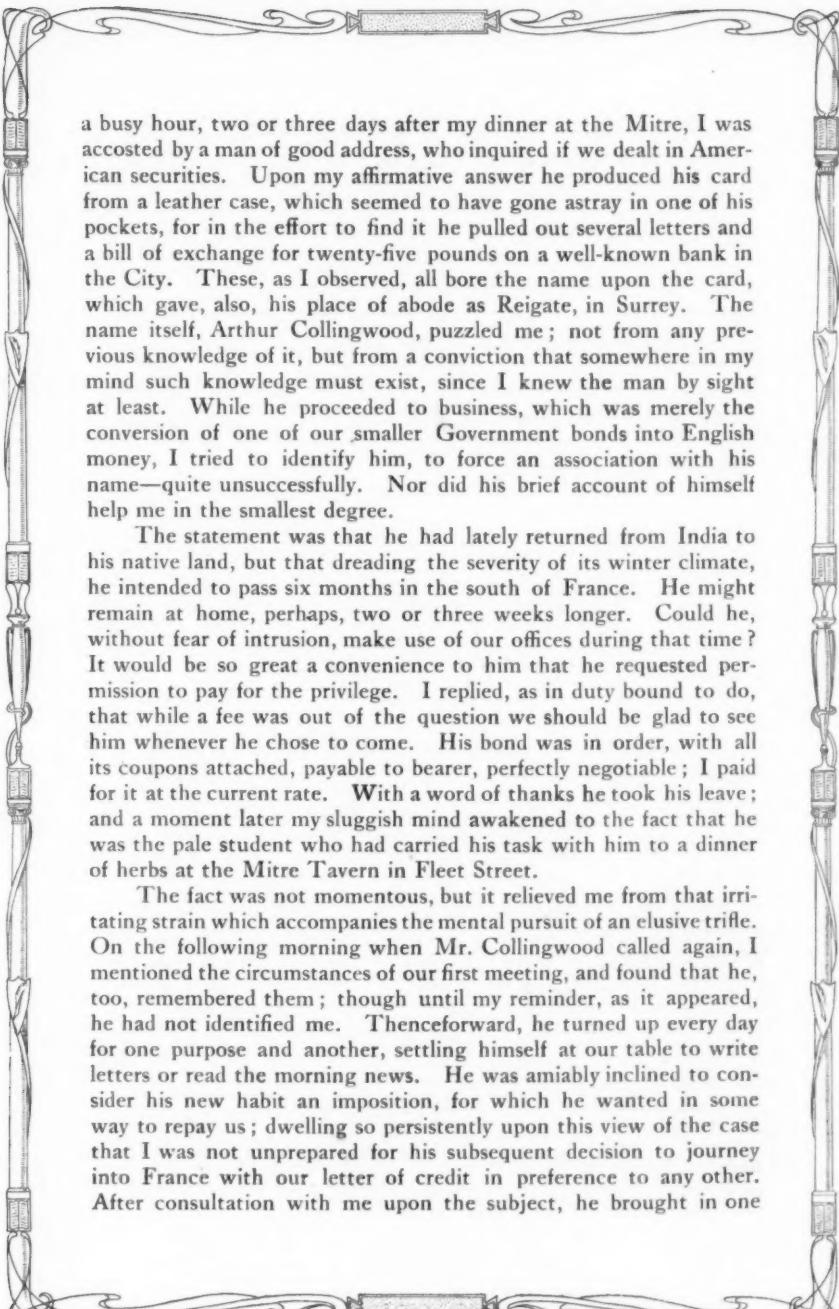
sufficient trust in me to relax his guard, he was thinking aloud. The conditions were peculiarly favorable to such a reverie. We had dined well, almost by ourselves. For the only other occupant of the quaint, historic room happened to be a pale young man with watery eyes, seated in one of the farther alcoves. Between the mouthfuls of his frugal meal he was making notes, apparently, upon some documents spread out before him. A certain formality of dress, together with these signs of industry, suggested to me that he might be a barrister's clerk, belated in his work, a part of which, perhaps, he had brought down from Lincoln's Inn. Whatever the work was, it engrossed his mind completely. So far as one could see, he paid no heed either to us or to the detached phrases of Mr. Markham's talk that must occasionally have reached his ears. And before long I forgot that he was there.

After dinner, we sat in our corner by the fire until Mr. Markham had finished his cigar. Then we paid the score, drew on our over-coats, and made ready for our long tramp in the rain. While thus we bestirred ourselves, I perceived that the pale youth was likewise at the point of departure. Gathering up his papers, he crossed the room to throw some crumpled scraps of them into the grate. We moved toward the door, and had already passed out when he called us back.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "did not one of you gentlemen drop this?"

What he returned to me proved to be no more than a business card of Markham & Wade, on the back of which I had jotted some memoranda in pencil. These were of importance, and I remembered putting them away in my pocketbook, from which the card must have fallen to the floor at the moment of reckoning for our dinner. I explained this to the stranger in a hurried word and thanked him. He bowed politely, but nothing more was said. We went our way, dismissing the incident as of no significance whatever. Not for weeks did it occur to me that this bit of carelessness on my part was probably the link connecting us with the curious chain of events that followed.

Our banking-room had an air of its own, which might be described in general terms as one of open hospitality. The newspaper files, the long tables littered with guide-books, stock-lists, continental telegrams, and other sources of useful information, were available to all comers, new and old alike. Strangers, as possible customers, were treated with the utmost civility; and, in consequence, the place was fast becoming what the firm desired to make it—a cosmopolitan resort for the West End of London. There, in



a busy hour, two or three days after my dinner at the Mitre, I was accosted by a man of good address, who inquired if we dealt in American securities. Upon my affirmative answer he produced his card from a leather case, which seemed to have gone astray in one of his pockets, for in the effort to find it he pulled out several letters and a bill of exchange for twenty-five pounds on a well-known bank in the City. These, as I observed, all bore the name upon the card, which gave, also, his place of abode as Reigate, in Surrey. The name itself, Arthur Collingwood, puzzled me; not from any previous knowledge of it, but from a conviction that somewhere in my mind such knowledge must exist, since I knew the man by sight at least. While he proceeded to business, which was merely the conversion of one of our smaller Government bonds into English money, I tried to identify him, to force an association with his name—quite unsuccessfully. Nor did his brief account of himself help me in the smallest degree.

The statement was that he had lately returned from India to his native land, but that dreading the severity of its winter climate, he intended to pass six months in the south of France. He might remain at home, perhaps, two or three weeks longer. Could he, without fear of intrusion, make use of our offices during that time? It would be so great a convenience to him that he requested permission to pay for the privilege. I replied, as in duty bound to do, that while a fee was out of the question we should be glad to see him whenever he chose to come. His bond was in order, with all its coupons attached, payable to bearer, perfectly negotiable; I paid for it at the current rate. With a word of thanks he took his leave; and a moment later my sluggish mind awakened to the fact that he was the pale student who had carried his task with him to a dinner of herbs at the Mitre Tavern in Fleet Street.

The fact was not momentous, but it relieved me from that irritating strain which accompanies the mental pursuit of an elusive trifle. On the following morning when Mr. Collingwood called again, I mentioned the circumstances of our first meeting, and found that he, too, remembered them; though until my reminder, as it appeared, he had not identified me. Thenceforward, he turned up every day for one purpose and another, settling himself at our table to write letters or read the morning news. He was amiably inclined to consider his new habit an imposition, for which he wanted in some way to repay us; dwelling so persistently upon this view of the case that I was not unprepared for his subsequent decision to journey into France with our letter of credit in preference to any other. After consultation with me upon the subject, he brought in one

day a package of bonds which he desired to sell, covering the issue of his credit with the proceeds.

They were Swedish bonds of the national loan, good securities, undoubtedly, but such as rarely came into the London market; very rarely, indeed, in large lots like this, which was no less than £6,000. I found I could not even trace them upon the stock-list; no bonds of the kind had been sold for months. It was impossible, therefore, to fix a price; and explaining the little difficulty to Mr. Collingwood, I suggested that they should be offered through our stock-brokers in the City, who would probably obtain a quotation within a few days. To this Mr. Collingwood readily assented. I might give instructions, he said, to sell the bonds for what they would bring; if in due time they did not find a purchaser, he would withdraw them, protecting his credit in some other way. I handed him, accordingly, a formal receipt for the securities at their face value, wrote in his presence an order to the brokers, Messrs. Hallam & Rowles, and went out with him to the head of the stairs as he hurried away. I heard the outer door slam below. It was only our cashier, Wilmot, coming back from his luncheon. Halfway up the stairs he met Mr. Collingwood and eyed him curiously, then turned to watch the retreating figure. When the door had closed upon him, Wilmot, rushing on, stopped me with an eager question.

"Who is that chap?" he demanded.

"His name is Collingwood."

"Collingwood—Collingwood? Don't know it. But I know his face—I've seen him before."

"Very probably," said I. "He has been here several times."

"No, no, somewhere else!" returned Wilmot, impatiently. "Several times, do you say? That's very odd. What the deuce does he want?"

"He wants to sell these bonds," I explained. "I must put them away in the safe."

"Yes, yes; come in here!" And Wilmot led me into the grated cage, where his duties confined him very closely. There I transferred the valuable package to his keeping, at the same time communicating the main incidents of Mr. Collingwood's history as related by himself. Jeffrey Wilmot was a keen, sturdy Englishman of thirty-five, with a very clear head, not easily disturbed; and his unusual excitement over this matter interested me.

"Odd! Very odd!" he kept repeating. "Devilish odd, I must say. Why does he bring them to us? Why does he come here at all, Garner, tell me that? Blessed if I can see! He is—or was—a clerk at Dunstan's."

"Nonsense! That's impossible."

"Well, I'm as sure of it as—as I am of anything."

Then for a moment in silence we stared at each other with reflective eyes. If Wilmot was right, why should the man seek us out when he had all Dunstan's experience at his back? Why turn from his natural friends to deal with strangers?

"It can't be," I persisted; "or, if it is, he has quarreled with Dunstan's, that's all."

"Yes, on his way home from India!" said Wilmot, with a sarcastic smile gleaming through his brown beard. "It won't do, Garner; it won't do."

It would not do at all, as I was forced to admit. The clerkship at Dunstan's and the life in India, conflicting hopelessly, silenced me once more.

"There's mischief at the bottom of this, or I'm no sinner," Wilmot continued. "Wait a bit, and I'll prove it to you in five minutes. Hand me my hat, please; now my umbrella. Thank you."

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Just over to Dunstan's for a little talk. My people kept an account there once, and I've met old Walbrook. I'll have this out with him, and convince you."

By that time I had come round to Mr. Collingwood's side, convincing myself that Wilmot, misled by a chance resemblance, scented mischief where none existed.

"Good luck!" said I. "But it's all a mistake. I'll bet you a sovereign that you come back without a shadow of proof to stand on."

"Done!" cried Wilmot, pulling out the coin and slapping it down upon the counter. "For two, if you like!"

"No," I laughed, laying my gold-piece beside his; "one will do."

When he was gone, I stowed away the bonds; then waited in the cage for his return. His assistant, one of the junior clerks, had overheard our talk; and in the pauses of work he discussed the problem with me, approving emphatically my final opinion. Our friend Wilmot was cocksure of things always. We both felt a sneaking satisfaction at the prospect of a minute flaw in his infallibility.

In a quarter of an hour Wilmot reappeared.

"Well?" I asked, reading my answer in his face before he spoke. He had proved nothing; the stakes were mine, as he acknowledged. What had happened, then, at Dunstan's? Had he told his tale? Or had Walbrook simply refused to see him?

"The old bear!" growled Wilmot, angrily. "He would hardly listen. My visit, evidently, was a great piece of impertinence. He never dealt in Swedish bonds, never heard of Collingwood. Nothing at Dunstan's could possibly have gone wrong in the way I suggested. Oh no, of course not! Their system is perfect over there; suns rise and set by it. Well, thank goodness, I've done my duty! Old Walbrook may go to the devil as soon as he likes—yes, and Dunstan's too!"

When we had chaffed him into good nature, I decided that the whole matter must immediately be laid before the firm—or, rather, before the senior partner, as Mr. Wade at that time was in Paris. Wilmot went in with me; and he was flattered, as I could see, by the chief's attention to his share of the testimony. Yet I also saw that Mr. Markham privately agreed with me in believing the case to be one of mistaken identity. The orders he gave us were to proceed with the sale of the bonds through the brokers; but, when Mr. Collingwood called, on no account to let him go without meeting one of the partners; above all, to pay him no money until such a meeting had taken place. Simple orders and explicit; the obstacles between us and their execution were not of our making.

The first obstacle presented itself in the report of Messrs. Hallam & Rowles, who, after forty-eight hours' delay, wrote that "Swedes," as they called them, seemed to be positive drugs in the market. While the investment was undeniably sound, no one at the moment wanted to go in for it to the extent of £6,000. We answered that, so far as our knowledge went, the owner of the bonds was in no hurry to sell them. The order, therefore, might hold over until countermanded. If anything came of it, well and good; if not, after a reasonable time it should be formally canceled. Meanwhile Wilmot and I awaited with impatience Mr. Collingwood's next visit. Wilmot, because he wished, as he said, for one good look at the man; I, from a presentiment that something of importance, for or against him, must develop in the proposed interview with the chief. But the third day passed, and the fourth, with no sign of Mr. Collingwood. It seemed as if Mr. Markham's second command were even more futile than the first.

"The man's afraid to come," Wilmot declared; "knows me, probably, and knows that I know him. Do you see?"

I laughed at his obstinacy. Then, early on the fifth morning, I showed him a note, addressed to me, just handed in by a messenger.

It was of that date, written at Maurig's Hotel in Regent Street; and it contained six lines from Mr. Collingwood to the

effect that he had been very busy, and, now unexpectedly summoned to Paris for a day or two, was on the point of leaving by the tidal train. If his bonds were sold, the account might be sent to him in care of our Paris house; otherwise I need not write, as he would call upon me the moment he returned. All this seemed plausible enough. But Jeffrey Wilmot did not find it so.

"What's Collingwood doing at Maurigy's?" he asked. "I thought he lived in Reigate."

Again I laughed. "My dear fellow, he stopped in London overnight, I suppose; and why shouldn't he? The tidal train has gone. He isn't at Maurigy's now."

"I'm not so sure of that. Where's the messenger?"

"He went away at once, saying that there was 'no answer.'"

"'No answer,' eh? Well, send one, all the same; it can't do any harm. Write a line of acknowledgment, and give it to me. I'll take it over to Maurigy's. We may discover something. Who knows?"

So Wilmot rattled off in a cab with my note, which he returned to me unopened at the end of half an hour.

"Mr. Collingwood was out, then?" I said, with affected simplicity.

He ignored the underlying malice and only growled in answer: "Left, this morning, with all his luggage."

"What? You discovered nothing?"

"Quite the reverse. I discovered that he has been at Maurigy's three weeks. What do you make of that, Tim?"

"Why, that he prefers the town to the country—no more."

"Yet the address he gave you was Reigate. A slippery piece of business. That is not his address at all."

"Easily said, and easily proved or disproved. Why not take the next train for Reigate? or send an inspector down from Scotland Yard?"

"Exactly. Why not?" agreed Wilmot, with the utmost gravity. "Let us have a talk about that with Mr. Markham."

This time it was easy to see that the weight of the chief's judgment leaned Wilmot's way rather than mine. He felt, however, that to call in the police would be scarcely worth while just then. Especially, as in the course of our conference one of us remembered that the book-keeper, Mr. Flack, lived at Red Hill, very near Reigate. Flack, to be sure, was a simple-minded soul; the last one in all the world, perhaps, to rely upon for detective duty. But here the duty involved no more than a straightforward inquiry which any tradesman in the town could answer. Should the

information received prove unsatisfactory, Wilmot, as Mr. Markham hinted, might have his *carte blanche*, with all the acumen of Scotland Yard behind him.

Beaming with cheerful importance, Mr. Flack reviewed the next morning before our council of three his experiences at Reigate. The Collingwoods, as it appeared, owned a small estate within a mile of the town. But the house had been closed for some time in the absence of the family abroad. The family comprised the master and mistress, well on in years, and one unmarried son named Arthur—presumably our business acquaintance. These facts, ascertained without difficulty at the station, had been confirmed at one or two of the principal shops. And—and that was all. So far as that went, it tended to allay suspicion. The wavering balance dropped back on my side, and Mr. Markham promptly decided that our course must be to watch and wait patiently. With this decision Jeffrey Wilmot was forced to content himself. Upon its announcement, he protested only by a shrug of the shoulders. But afterward in an aside to me, he emphasized the small conflicting circumstance of Mr. Collingwood's omission to give us his London address—a bit of carelessness so marked that it must have been intentional. I, on the contrary, thought the mistake, if mistake it were, entirely natural, since Mr. Collingwood really lived at Reigate.

"Reigate be blowed!" grumbled Wilmot, as we turned to the day's work again. "He doesn't live there—he has never lived there! I don't believe a word of it: I don't believe that his name is Collingwood; but I do believe that he's a liar and a damned rascal!"

Several days went by, during which the case stood thus without further development, unless the postscript of a letter from the Paris house could be called one. By this we were informed, in response to our inquiry, that Mr. Collingwood had not turned up in the Rue Saint-Arnaud.

Meanwhile, we in London still awaited his return, and the order to sell the "Swedes" remained uncanceled with our brokers, who reported no offer. More important affairs crowded this into the limbo of unfinished business; Wilmot and I ceased to discuss it; I, indeed, almost ceased to think of it, preoccupied as I was with preparations for my removal to Paris. Besides my daily routine at the office, there were social duties to be despatched. Common courtesy obliged me to take a more or less formal leave of my London friends; and among these by no means the least was the one to whom Mr. Markham had referred on the night of our dinner at the Mitre—Mrs. Gregory Sterne.

This congenial spirit, conspicuous in public as the duenna of the Haymarket Theatre, whose artistic skill never failed her, held in private a position still more enviable. Her small house just out of Portland Place was, to quote a descriptive phrase then often repeated, a rendezvous for the upper half of intellectual London—drawn thither by exceptional qualities distinguishing the hostess. Never, perhaps, in all the world were sixty years worn more gracefully, more lightly. She had fluent speech and a ready wit restrained by the finest sense of proportion; guided, too, by a warm heart that, in spite of sorrows, still retained its youthful buoyancy. She could be gay and sympathetic at the same time, without revealing that under-current of egotism which so often dims the shining lights of the stage when we see them unprofessionally. Mrs. Sterne, in short, was unaffected, direct, genuine; no one could make her acquaintance without wishing to know her better. We had been thrown together in Switzerland, where circumstances speedily combined to bring about an intimacy, outlasting by good fortune our term of holiday. The difference in our ages, undoubtedly, helped me in this. For Mrs. Sterne took a very strong interest in youth, with its aspirations, its immature judgments and perplexities. The young kept her young, as she declared.

On Sunday evening she was always at home, and as the day drew near I planned my parting visit. Then came a note from her confirming the plan, but improving upon it. "I hope you have me in mind," she wrote, "and will remember that I count upon you. This being the case, will you not give me a little more of your precious time, dining here early, at seven, before the crowd descends upon us? I want you to meet my protégée, Margaret Leigh, who has just become engaged and is to leave the stage; she will dine here with her fiancé—you will make the fourth at table. Please come!"

I said "yes" instantly, congratulating myself upon forming one of the *partie carrée*; particularly, because of my desire to know Miss Leigh, whom I had once seen across the footlights. Mrs. Sterne had described her to me as the daughter of an old friend in reduced circumstances, unusually well qualified for the trying career she had chosen. Success in a round of parts had confirmed the judgment; the day was won, the future promised much; but now all would be cut short abruptly. I fancied that I could read regret between the lines of Mrs. Sterne's note. To her the sudden change in Miss Leigh's fortunes must be in some measure a disappointment.

It was this feeling which brought me to Mrs. Sterne's drawing-room a few minutes before the time appointed on that Sunday

evening, eager to have as soon as possible an expression of her views. These were not long in coming to the surface.

"Isn't it too discouraging?" she began. "I have toiled and slaved to bring out Margaret's talent, which is really quite extraordinary. I have drilled the poor child to death—for nothing. My time is lost, and the stage loses incalculably. In two years more she would have been at the top."

"But if she is happy now—"

"Happy! Oh, of course, they all are *now!* But I have an eye to the future. I believe that hers would be the happier for marrying a poorer man and keeping on with her profession."

"The man is rich, then?"

"Sufficiently so—they are to travel on the Continent," sighed Mrs. Sterne, as if she were dealing with a grave misfortune. I smiled; then suddenly perceiving the ludicrous side of her complaint, she laughed, and continued lightly: "Ah, well, I must give them my blessing, I suppose. It appears that he is amiable, of good family, and all that. There is really no fault to be found with the match, except that it came about upon short acquaintance. They met at Brighton, and were engaged in three days. Don't look so astonished. That often happens with us, you know; we are less deliberate than you Americans; we *fall* in love, literally."

"Three days!" I repeated. "That was sharp work. Who on earth is he?" But at that moment came a stir in the hall, to warn us of the arriving guests. "Hush!" she said. "They are here." And the servant, appearing, announced:

"Miss Leigh—Mr. Collingwood!"

In the waiting time that followed our formal greetings, he moved to my side and gave me his hand cordially.

"An unexpected pleasure," I said, awkwardly. "I thought you were in Paris."

"And so I was," he explained. "I arrived back an hour ago. By the way, those bonds of mine—they are sold?"

"No, we are still without an offer."

"It's of no consequence," he replied, passing from the subject carelessly. "I will call upon you in the Strand—tomorrow." I bowed, groping for words, but not finding them. Just then we were summoned to dinner, and I was glad of the interruption. Taken aback by the new relation with him, which had developed so unexpectedly, I was beginning to distrust Mr. Collingwood. My mind suddenly clouded with those suspicions of Jeffrey Wilmot, now not to be dispelled.

I sat opposite to him at the table, where, while he devoted him-

self to the hostess, I could study his face without appearing to do so. I found nothing distinguished in it—nothing distinctive except its lack of color; an effect due rather to the peculiar light-blue of his eyes than to the pallor of his complexion. In voice and demeanor he was entirely conventional. Yet my impressions were all negative; and I failed to see how a talented, ambitious girl like Miss Leigh could sacrifice her whole artistic future to a commonplace young man whom she had known three days. Surely, the force of love never went farther, I thought; or is it that she has no real feeling for her art at all? And I deliberately turned the talk to the stage, soon discovering that her interest therein remained of the keenest sort. She it was, now, who talked of things theatrical with enthusiasm.

"And yet," I said, with a cautious glance across the table to make sure that we were not overheard: "and yet you hold all this so lightly; it is over; you have dismissed it in a single word."

"Don't be too certain of that," she answered, lowering her voice. "We go abroad at first; Mr. Collingwood wishes it, and I let him have his way. But we shall come back. Then there will be more ways than one; and a woman, you know, always has hers at last."

"Oh," returned I, "if it is merely a leave of absence, not a final renunciation, I congratulate very heartily ourselves, Mr. Collingwood, and you."

She smiled, and nodded. Then the others broke in upon our small exchange of confidences, which yielded to a flow of general talk. Some one spoke of India, whereupon Mr. Collingwood discoursed for a time, while we, who knew nothing of the life there, listened or led him on with an occasional question. He talked glibly and well; yet now I noticed a ringing hardness in his tone which made me positively dislike him. I can see now that the source of this new feeling was probably the jealousy natural to mankind. I liked Miss Leigh, and he had captured her. But I did not then account for the cause, even to myself; I only fostered the dislike by doubting if she would find it an easy matter, when the honeymoon was over, to have her way with this man.

When coffee and cigars came, Mrs. Sterne, who detested formality, asked if the smokers would really be happier by themselves. One of them, at least, was only too happy to take this broad hint, and the result was that the hostess, with Miss Leigh, stayed by us at the table. The pleasant after-dinner time sped on swiftly, and Mrs. Sterne could have kept no note of it; for, suddenly, the servant made an announcement to her in an undertone. He spoke on

Mr. Collingwood's side of the table, and I caught no name; but I understood that the reception-hour had overtaken us, and that there was a guest in the drawing-room. With a cry of dismay Mrs. Sterne started up; we were all on our feet at once. Then her cry was sharply echoed by Mr. Collingwood, who, clapping his hand-kerchief to his face, dashed out of the room by a service-door leading to the pantry. The servant, following him, showed more presence of mind than the rest of us, who were left staring at one another in blank alarm. Before we could recover, the man reappeared with a faint smile on his decorous, shaven face.

"It is nothing, mum," he said. "The gentleman has the nose-bleed, if you please, mum, that's all."

"Oh," laughed Mrs. Sterne, hysterically relieved. "Will you take charge of him, Mr. Garner, please? Come, Margaret, come with me. Mr. Walbrook is in the drawing-room."

We laughed, all three, and I was left alone. "Old Walbrook! It is he!" thought I; "of course; Mr. Markham met him here; no doubt he often comes." So this was the impressive name that I had failed to catch. I wondered whether Mr. Collingwood had caught it. Then, with my hand on the pantry door, I stopped, while a new wonder overcame me. Was the name so impressive as to bring on a nose-bleed in Mr. Collingwood's sensitive organism? Was there some special cause for this effect? Suspicions, again! Was it not rather Jeffrey Wilmot's obstinacy that thus, out of a pure coincidence, sought to forge a new, intangible link between the guileless Collingwood and Dunstan's? I pushed open the door, and saw him bent over the running water, at which he splashed violently, while the servant stood by, shrugging his shoulders in a vain effort to be of use. When I spoke, Mr. Collingwood neither turned nor looked up, but in a tone of annoyance bade me join the ladies, adding that his trouble was not serious, and that he would follow us presently. I could only leave him, therefore, and make my favorable report of his condition in the drawing-room. There I immediately underwent a formal presentation to Mr. Walbrook, who, barely acknowledging my existence, devoted himself to more important guests. The room was already filling up; and while I talked with Miss Leigh, her uneasy glance toward the door at each new arrival did not escape me. Then my attention was distracted, and when I turned her way again she was gone. But a moment later I saw her face among the others, with undisguised anxiety in it. She hurried across the room to Mrs. Sterne, and, after a whispered word, moved gently away, out at the door. Thereupon, Mrs. Sterne's eye caught mine, bringing me to her side instantly.

"Will you help Margaret to her carriage, please?" she said.
"That is all."

"What do you mean? Mr. Collingwood ——"

"He has left the house without a word to her or to anyone. Miss Leigh is naturally disturbed and is going home. If you ——"

Mrs. Sterne was called off, and I hurried into the hall to find that Miss Leigh's carriage had come up. As I went down the steps with her she seemed bewildered—unaware, indeed, of my presence. But when I asked what orders were to be given the coachman, she came to herself, thanked me, and said he must drive directly home. Then, leaning from the carriage window, she countermanded this.

"No! Tell him to drive first to Maurigys." And she was whirled away.

Coming back, I questioned the servant in detail concerning Mr. Collingwood's abrupt departure. What had happened? Had he grown worse, or better? Was he too ill to speak that he had left no word?

The answer puzzled me. "He seemed all shaken up, sir, he did," said the man; "uneasy-like in his mind, and most anxious to get away without troubling the ladies—they wasn't to know. His nose had stopped bleeding, sir, but his hand ——"

"His hand!" I repeated.

"Yes, sir. He had cut one of his fingers, sir, which was a-bleeding away, sir, quite fast. His handkerchief was twisted round it. I can't think how it happened, sir, for they was only the silver fruit-knives left, sir, on the table. It seemed a bit odd, sir, to me, so it did!"

A bit odd, indeed, I found it. But I kept my reflections to myself, and made no mention of the supplementary accident when Mrs. Sterne cross-questioned me a few minutes later. An hour afterward, in taking leave, I strove to set aside her doubts by informing her of my business appointment with Mr. Collingwood for the next morning; a shocking piece of disingenuousness, this, in view of my strong premonition that the appointment would not be kept—a premonition duly verified.

On Tuesday Mrs. Sterne drove up to our door in a tremulous state, which was intensified by my lack of news. From her I learned that Miss Leigh had stopped at Maurigys on Sunday evening, but had not found Mr. Collingwood. They knew nothing of him there, though that was always his abiding place when he came up to town. Miss Leigh had then despatched a telegram to him at Reigate—in vain; no answer had been received. A second tele-

gram sent to Paris, *Poste Restante*, where she had last addressed him, likewise remained unanswered. He seemed to have vanished completely from human ken. What did it mean?

It meant, as we feared, but one thing—namely, a flight. But we had no clue to his motive, and conjecture was idle. Mrs. Sterne drew the worst conclusions, and went away talking incoherently of detectives, in case nothing was heard of the man within the next twenty-four hours. Nothing would be, she declared; we had seen and heard the last of him! And with the opinion mine heartily agreed.

The opinion, however, was not supported by fact. For, on the following morning, up drove Mrs. Sterne again, to tell me that Mr. Collingwood was in Paris, whence he had written to Miss Leigh a tissue of vague excuses. Business complications had called him suddenly across the Channel, and would detain him there indefinitely. If he was ill, he did not mention it; and he carefully omitted any reference to the precise place of his abode. His address remained *Poste Restante*. And yet with astounding impudence he begged Miss Leigh, in the view of these same "complications," to join him in Paris, and there to be married quietly with as little ceremony as possible. To what order of beings did the man belong?

"Was there ever such effrontery?" continued Mrs. Sterne, almost in tears. "Margaret to go to Paris! Does he expect her to marry him at the General Post Office? I think we are dealing with a madman."

"She will not answer that, I hope," said I.

"No, indeed!" replied Mrs. Sterne, indignantly. "I have already answered it myself in the third person, simply stating that Miss Leigh declines to recognize him further unless he should present himself in London immediately, with a full explanation. He will not come. What an escape for her! As I said before, he is crazy, of course." And once more we agreed.

Mr. Collingwood's written appeal served thus but to make what seemed the impenetrable mystery of his proceedings doubly dark. But with mysteries, as with the night, the darkest hour is apt to come just before the dawn. And only three days later the dawn broke, bringing floods of light upon what passed into the annals of Markham & Wade as "the Collingwood affair." It was no less a person than old Walbrook who supplied the missing clue, which tended, first of all, to his own discomfiture; but an old Walbrook humbled and repentant, changed in his behavior almost beyond recognition. Pale, with drawn features, he rushed frantically

in upon Jeffrey Wilmot, imploring data to identify the person of whom they had spoken at their last interview. Collingwood was the person's name, he believed. Then Wilmot, in tranquil dignity that was truly magnificent, reminded the old bear that he had disclaimed all knowledge of such a person; turning the barbed weapon of his own indifference in what was plainly an open wound with so much skill that Mr. Walbrook flushed to his temples, and stammered profuse apologies for past rudeness. Then the scene changed to our private office, where Mr. Markham, attended by Wilmot and myself as silent supporters, received the excited manager of Dunstan's with just the right degree of languid interest. Never was a dramatic situation more deftly handled. We had the victim writhing at our feet, and we were triumphant—but not unbecomingly so.

"I have now reason to suspect that Collingwood is not this man's name," asserted Mr. Walbrook. "Have you anything to justify my suspicion? Any signature? Any scrap of his handwriting?"

We had, of course, on file the short note addressed to me from Maurigby's; and this was produced forthwith. At sight of it Mr. Walbrook turned almost livid.

"Yes, that is he! No doubt—no doubt!" he gasped.

"He! Who? Who is the man?" asked Mr. Markham, with genuine sympathy.

"He is a thief and a scoundrel!" replied old Walbrook, dropping back in his chair and gaining, as he went on, unnatural calmness. "That is the handwriting of Thomas Watts, my former bond-clerk. I can tell you his story in a very few words. He is of excellent family connections, the son of a clergyman at Red Hill, and he was in our employ a long time. For ten years, at least, we have trusted him with everything. But two months ago, on the ground of ill-health, he resigned his post, intending, as he said, to try a southern climate—to leave England. Yet he had saved little, and must earn his livelihood. In view of that, I gave him a letter—a very strong letter—of recommendation. Yes, I did this! And he——" Here Mr. Walbrook drew a long breath and laughed bitterly.

"I understand," said Mr. Markham. "He robbed you."

"No," said the manager of Dunstan's, recovering himself. "That would have been difficult, if not impossible. He did better. You understand of course, that we have many depositors who leave in our hands their securities, which are often payable to bearer, for collection of the interest. As the coupons fall due, we cut them off

and credit the sum to the owner's account. Watts took charge of this; and it was done promptly and accurately as usual on the last quarter-day. Then he possessed himself of such available bonds as he saw fit, storing away with the utmost care the empty envelopes. When his nest was comfortably feathered, the ill-health and the warm climate followed easily. We have not yet determined the full extent of the loss, which undoubtedly includes those 'Swedes' of yours. You have not sold them?"

I reassured him. The Swedish bonds were still in our safe, unsold.

"For a new hand, the fellow is adroit," said Mr. Markham. "He plays the game well."

"Well!" repeated old Walbrook. "Like a master! But for an accident, even now I should not have suspected him. The natural date of discovery fell on the next coupon-day—November first. His game was so well planned that he could play it at his leisure. And now—where is he?"

This question I strove to answer by describing Mrs. Sterne's dinner-party and what followed it, including the collateral evidence drawn from her expeditions to the Strand. Mr. Walbrook was much interested in the little scene over the walnuts and the wine. Clearly, the criminal had "read up" India for use at such a time; and had attached himself to the respectable Reigate family because he knew that every member thereof was in a remote part of the world. Clearly, too, catching his employer's name, he had taken the alarm and, driven to desperation, had feigned hemorrhage on the spur of the moment; a little later, probably, to give it the semblance of color in case of inconvenient sympathy, he had slashed his hand. The inevitable hour of detection was very near. And we concluded that under the strain of his anxiety he had chosen the wiser course of awaiting it across the Channel. And now—where was he? All came back to that in the end, which left but one answer possible. For the moment, at least, he was out of reach.

The interview closed with Mr. Markham's agreement to hand over the Swedish bonds to Dunstan's, upon receipt of their written pledge to hold us harmless in the improbable event of disputed ownership. When Mr. Walbrook acquired them, a few days later, by means of this formal document, he could not say too much in praise of what he was pleased to call our discretion. He wished, indeed, for the power to make some adequate return for it. Here was Mr. Markham's opportunity. Without a moment's hesitation he expressed his long-cherished desire to figure in print upon old Walbrook's credits. His hour had come. From that day forward,

upon no ground that the world could discover, the new house of Markham & Wade, much to its advantage, was registered as Parisian correspondent of Dunstan's. The prophecy which the head of our house had made to his doubting clerk, in the snug chimney corner of the Mitre Tavern, had been realized with startling promptness.

We heard no more of the cunning thief, and, as far as I know, he was never brought to justice. As time went on, I complained to Jeffrey Wilmot that the vaunted skill of Scotland Yard seemed for once pathetically impotent. He stared at me with wondering scorn.

"My dear boy, Scotland Yard has never been called in, of course. Do you suppose old Walbrook is so dull as to submit that affair to the tender mercies of the public? Why, Dunstan's never would get over it! He has simply made up his loss like a man, and swallowed the bitter pill. The last thing on earth he wants is to clap his hand upon your Collingwood, Watts, or whatever the name may be!"

There was reason in this—the same reason which always kept that undetermined "full extent" of Dunstan's loss from our knowledge. By great good luck we had restored £6,000 of it; but the sum total of the missing remnant has never been revealed to the financial world.

To Mrs. Sterne's joy her pupil soon returned to the stage. She is the same Miss Leigh who, fulfilling her early promise, held so long the world's attention; and then marrying happily, passed into retirement, rich in accumulated fortune and in fame—alas, like all fame possible to the player, already waning!

Thus ended "the Collingwood affair," so long ago that today it is, perhaps, entirely forgotten even by its victims. Though, for years, one or two of us found it frequently a subject of fruitful comment and speculation. Our jovial, simple-hearted Mr. Flack, especially, was never tired of alluding to it; for a special grievance, arising from his slender share in this peculiar case, oppressed his mind.

"To think," he would say, "only to think that I went out of my way a-looking up Tommy Watts—Tommy Watts, of Red Hill, that I've known the whole of his blessed, blarsted little life—and never knew it was him I was a-looking for!"





VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN

THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN PAINTER WHO DEVOTED HIS LIFE TO THE SERVICE OF PEACE BY DEPICTING THE HORRORS OF WAR. HE PERISHED IN THE ILL-FATED BATTLESHIP *PETROPAVLOVSK*. SEE PAGE 864



Cargoes

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,

With a cargo of ivory,

And apes and peacocks,

Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,

Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,

With a cargo of diamonds,

Emeralds, amethysts,

Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,

Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,

With a cargo of Tyne coal,

Road-rails, pig-lead,

Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays.

—From *Ballads* by John Masefield

Russia has to Grow Up Yet

Every one of the great Western nations has had to stand the test of a triple trial before it could reach its actual condition. It has had to pass through an intellectual Renaissance, a religious Reformation, and a political Revolution. And we may suppose that Russia will not escape the necessity of passing through a like series of stages. Incidentally, it may be borne in mind that the Catholic countries, too, have had their Reformation in the Council of Trent.

We may predict with fair confidence that Russia will no longer prove a serious menace to the peace of Europe; that her future will be fully occupied with her colonial, industrial, social, and political development, and if we may

judge from historic precedent, her social growth will of necessity precede her political development. So far, revolutions in Western Europe have not been of the making of a discontented peasantry, but of a middle class which has risen to consciousness of its own power, and has grasped the fact that it is its prerogative to govern itself. — *Emil Reich* in *The Fortnightly Review*.

America's Dependent Peoples

Any man is entitled to vote, black or white, if he can read the English language, owns \$300 worth of property, and pays his poll tax, and men call that disfranchising the negro. I believe in this honest endeavor to provide such conditions of suffrage as shall limit it to men who have sufficient intelligence to understand the language of the country they live in, sufficient of the elementary virtues of prudence and economy to have laid by \$300, and sufficient patriotism to pay their poll tax, which never exceeds \$3. I believe they should have, not our grudging acquiescence, but our cordial and hearty coöperation.

We have another dependent people, the Filipinos. How? Well, no matter how. They are here now. They are on our hands. However they have come, we are responsible for them; responsible to ourselves, to them, and to the civilized world, and to Almighty God.

What are we to do? First, we might say we can't handle this problem. We

will turn it over to a wiser people—the Japanese, for instance. Or we might say we have set them free, now we will sail away and leave them to cut their own throats if they like. Or we will take possession of these islands, these people and appropriate—that is the long word; "steal" is the short word—their possessions. Or we may say these millions of people are in our hands, our keeping. We will gather all our moral forces and go into these islands with our public schools, with justice and representative institutions, and teach them self-government.

Just pause and reflect. Is it nobler to sail away and leave these people to their destiny, because we distrust our ability, or is it nobler for those of us who have the love of humanity to say in the name of Almighty God, we will hold these people in our charge and keep them until we have developed in them conscience and reason that will enable them to sail their own ship? We have men in New York who say the American people cannot be trusted to do that; if we take these islands we will rob them. If I thought so meanly of my country I would say, then sail away.—*Lyman Abbott at Boston.*

Goethe as a Prophet

If by a cross-cut of this kind it could be accomplished that vessels with all sorts of cargoes and of every size could go through such a canal from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, quite incalculable results would follow for the entire civilized and uncivilized human race. I, however, would be surprised if the United States would miss the chance to get such a work into her hands. It is to be foreseen that this young State, with its decided tendency toward the West, will in thirty to forty years have also taken possession and will have populated the large areas of land on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. It is furthermore to be foreseen that in this entire coast of the Pacific Ocean, where nature has already created the most roomy and safest harbors, in course of time very important commercial towns

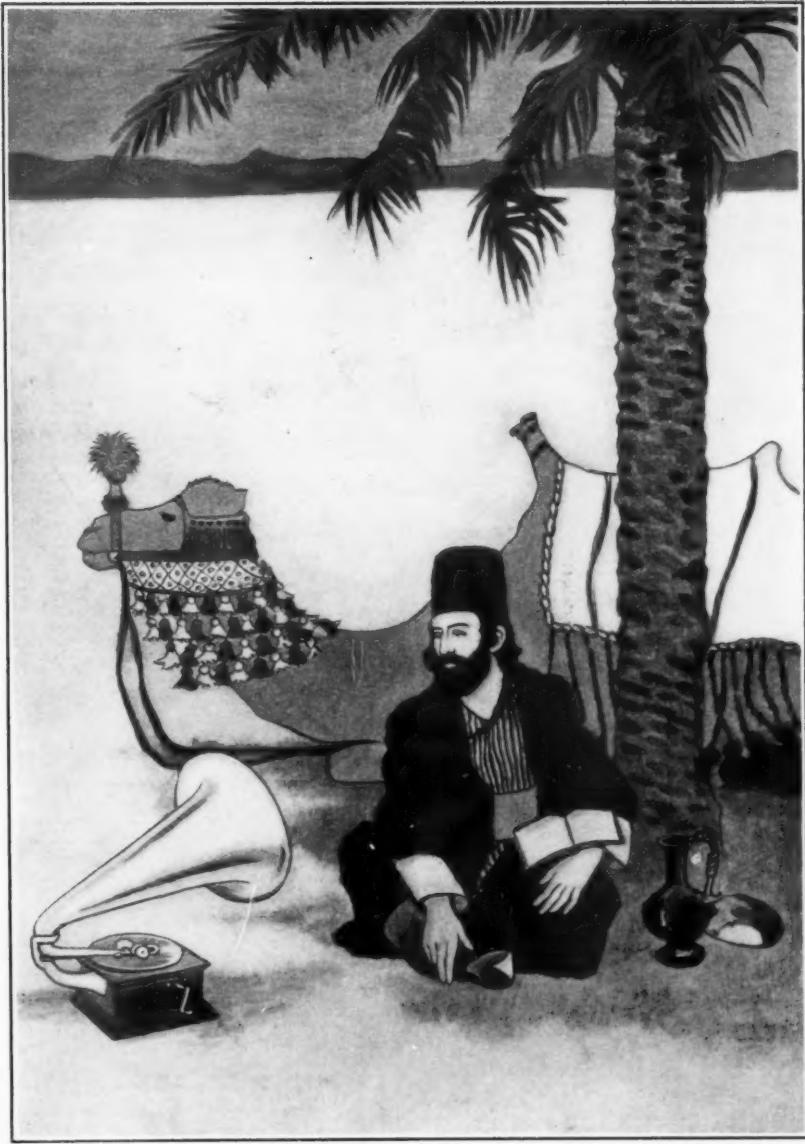
will carry on a large traffic between China and the East Indies with the United States. In such a case it would not only be desirable, but almost necessary, that merchant as well as war vessels should be able to have quicker connection with the western and eastern coast of America. I therefore repeat that it is entirely indispensable for the United States to make a passage from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, and I am certain that she will accomplish it.—*Goethe to Eckermann*, in 1827, republished in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*.

A Trifle Overdone

"Local pride," said Lieutenant-commander Lucien Young, of the United States navy, "is very well, but it can easily be overdone. Admiral Dewey recognized that fact during the war with Spain. He heard that certain new war vessels were to be named respectively *Yale* and *Harvard*. 'Good idea,' he declared; 'let us have more of the same evidence of pride in our institutions. Why not name the next one the *College of Physicians and Surgeons*, and then give us the *Massachusetts Institute of Technology*?'" —Success.

A Time Saver

The duration of the voyage between New York and San Francisco by way of Cape Horn amounts to 140 days outward and 130 days homeward, while the passage from New York to Colon may be made in 20 days and the return in 28 days. This gives for the total sailing time from New York to San Francisco via the canal 74 days, and for the return 85 days, which means a saving of 66 days and 45 days respectively. The coastwise trade between the Atlantic and the Pacific seaboard of the United States, so profitable prior to the construction of the transcontinental railways, has almost vanished from the sea, the traffic in coal alone surviving. Whether it can be revived by throwing the canal open to sailing vessels of small tonnage, is a problem.—*The National Geographic Magazine*.



The Tatler

THE OMAR KHAYYAM CULT UP TO DATE

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

Drawn by Gilbert James



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GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU

SECRETARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND LABOR

The Railroads and the Trusts

It is a regrettable confusion of mind that fails to note the sharp distinction that exists between the problem of regulating the railroads for the public benefit and the problem of properly guarding against the evils of the great industrial trusts. In so far as the

Federal Government is concerned, there should be a strengthening of the Interstate Commerce Act for the better regulation of railroads; and action under the anti-trust law should be directed toward the industrial combinations, especially those which exist for the sole purpose of maintaining an arbitrary and improper price for an article of

common necessity. Such a price is that which the people are compelled to pay for anthracite coal. Thus, a breaking up of the anthracite combination would put millions of dollars into the pockets of the people, because the combination which dominates the mining, marketing, and price of coal is able to exact a great deal more than the normal and proper price. The breaking up of the Northern Securities Company, on the other hand, will not put a penny into the pocket of anybody who buys a railroad ticket, or of any farmer who ships a carload of grain. It is, therefore, a

very poor and ineffective sort of law against trusts under which a really oppressive combination cannot be reached, while the energies of the Government are devoted to compelling a great railway system to shift the technical form of its organization without affecting its practical relations to the people.—*The Review of Reviews.*

Wheels Made of Paper

The material of a paper wheel is a calendered rye-straw board of thick paper made specially for the purpose.



DAVID AND GOLIATH—MODERNIZED

THE U. S. SUPREME COURT KNOCKS OUT THE COAL TRUST

The New York Journal

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THE CHINESE MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES WITH HIS SUITE

SIR CHEN TUNG LIANG-CHENG IN THE CENTRE



The first operation is for two men, standing beside a pile of the boards, to brush over each sheet a coating of flour paste, until a dozen are pasted into a layer. A third man transfers this layer to a hydraulic press, where a pressure of 500 tons or more is applied. After solidifying under this pressure for two hours the twelve-sheet layers are kept in a drying-room heated to a temperature of 120 deg. F. Several of these layers are, in turn, pasted together, pressed, and given another drying. This is kept up until a circular block is formed containing from 120 to 160 sheets, varying from four and one-half to five and one-half inches in thickness, and as compact as seasoned hickory. The blocks are then turned in a lathe slightly larger than the tire, and the hole is bored for the cast-iron centre. In turning, the paper blocks make a shaving that resembles strips of leather. The centre and the tire are forced on under a powerful hydraulic press.—*Railway and Locomotive Engineering*.

Her Short Upper Lip: A Protest

Whether a woman who does not possess one is thus outwardly marked by pitiless Nature as lacking in the power of sex, or whether this is merely a despairing clutch after realism of detail on the part of the male novelist (it almost invariably is a masculine device) is a question which should perhaps be left to the psychologists. Nevertheless, on behalf of the long-lipped woman, and still more to encourage the army of the undistinguished who stand on the slope of the hill half-way between the mount of attractiveness and the valley of humiliation, one is moved to inaugurate an inquiry as to the fundamental basis of feminine charm.

They are adorable—these women. Even we of their own sex feel their charm. Often we love them—in spite of their beauty. Sometimes we even imagine that we comprehend them. We feel as they have felt; we dream dreams that they have dreamed. Those that have suffered we know the best of all. We, too, are sensitive to atmosphere.

We know his mood by the tones of his voice and the look in his eyes. We are light on the surface. We have tenderness underneath. We can love even as they have loved. We, too, have a sense of humor and a sense of sex. Then we remember. We lack beauty and we dare not measure our lips. We are afraid that when we walk abroad "a delicate perfume like the perfume of violets" does not come and go in the air near us. We are compelled to confess that after we have been out in a pouring rain without an umbrella, our hair, though truly enough "in some disorder," does not always blow over our brows, "in fine free wavelets" or cling to our temples "in soft damp curls." We sigh. We disconsolately pick up some variant of the omnipresent woman's journal. In the beauty column we read: "A short upper lip indicates wit and also tenderness. She who possesses it has a sensitive nature." We sigh again and turn to other themes, for we have not the short upper lip.—*Olive Vincent Marsh in The Critic*.

The American Family

That the large family of the early days of this country has disappeared every one is aware. Benjamin Franklin was one of fourteen children, a number far from uncommon at that time, but scarcely to be met twice in a lifetime now. Franklin stated that eight was the American average family two centuries ago, and, figuring on that basis, foresaw for this country a population of 100,000,000 by 1900.

Instead we have 76,000,000, of whom 11,000,000 are foreign-born and 13,000,000 the children of foreign-born parents. Only 52,000,000, a trifle over half the number Franklin predicted, have therefore descended from the early American stock. So far from eight being now the average family, that number is considered astonishingly large.

In a woman's club in New York President Roosevelt's opinions on "race suicide" were discussed and his attitude generally condemned. Of thirty-four present only two agreed with Mr. Roosevelt. The remaining thirty-two

indorsed the statement of one of the members: "There are thousands born that have no business to be born."

A review of the evidence gathered points to these conclusions:

1. That the size of the American family has diminished.

2. That the decline is greatest among the rich and educated, but also exists, to a marked extent, among the middle class and the intelligent poor.

3. That only the most ignorant and irresponsible make no effort to limit the number of their children.

4. That not only has the large family disappeared, but it is no longer desired.

5. That the prevailing American ideal, among rich and poor, educated and uneducated, women and men, is two children.

6. That childlessness is no longer considered a disgrace or a misfortune; but is frequently desired and voluntarily sought.

7. That opposition to large families is so strong an American tendency that our immigrants are speedily influenced by it; even Jews, famous for ages for their love of family, exhibiting its effects.

8. That the large family is not only individually, but socially, disapproved; the parents of numerous children meeting public censure.—*Lydia Kingsmill Commander* in *The Independent*.

Church "Courting Parlors"

The Theodore Parker Memorial, an institutional church of Boston, is trying to solve the problem of getting together and acquainted the young people of its neighborhood. The Parker Memorial is located in the heart of the boarding-house and lodging-room section of the city. Thousands of young men and women have their temporary homes near the church. What they need is an opportunity to get acquainted.

The Parker Memorial has undertaken to get these young people together. There is on every Sunday evening a service in the church, which, while religious, is yet arranged to attract young people. It usually consists of an address, with music, and is often illustrated by the stereopticon. After the service the congregation is invited to a

social gathering in the parlors on the same floor. Music is furnished and tea is served, and often a brief reading is given; but in general the young folks are left to their own devices until ten o'clock. The dancing classes connected with the church are valuable aids in furthering the movement. The phrase "courting parlors," used in perfect seriousness by a Boston minister in connection with the Parker Memorial's new experiment, has come to stay in Boston, apparently, although those directly interested in the movement are naturally inclined to deprecate such an aggressive and literal interpretation of what is purely a big-hearted and hospitable idea. The experiment thus far has been deservedly popular, and is being watched with increasing interest by similar communities in other cities.—*Collier's*.

Theory and Practice

Dear Nicholas, we much admire

Your hopes of having warfare ended;

Although in practice missing fire,

Your arbitration plans are splendid,

And your proposals at the Hague

Were very nice, though rather vague.

We feel for you, although we pray

That, whether on the land or water,

Your men and ships may lose the day

(But with a minimum of slaughter),

And leave your frontier, long unsure,

Returned à son premier Amur.

And this we hope, since nothing less

Will break the bureaucratic fetters

By which your servants now oppress

A hundred millions of their betters,

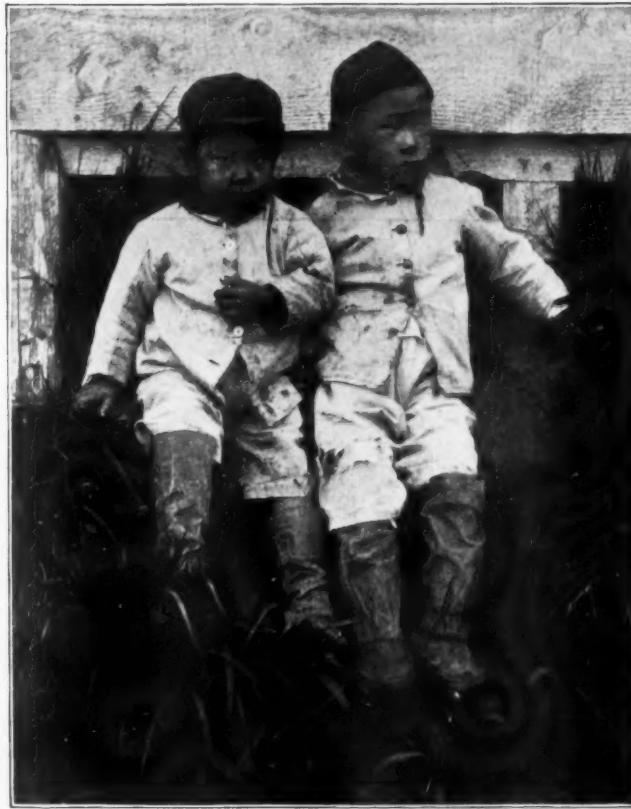
And set you in your proper station,

Free Emperor of a free nation.

—Adrian Ross in *The Tatler*.

Grammar and Diplomacy

In his life of Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Andrew Lang records with pride the noble stand taken, not by any mere individual Englishman, but by the English Government itself, on an occasion when the purity of the speech was threatened. Negotiations for a treaty were going on at Washington between the United States and Great Britain. The subjects for discussion and settlement were of the utmost gravity. Controversy existed about the *Alabama* claims, about the Canadian fisheries,



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A PAIR OF ALEUTIAN PICKANINNIES

about the San Juan boundary, besides other matters of minor importance, indeed, compared with the foregoing, but nevertheless of importance in themselves. On numerous points under consideration there was naturally wide difference of opinion. Proposals and counter-proposals were constantly exchanged. According to the account given in the biography, a difficulty, wholly unnecessary, fell to the lot of the English commission. In addition to the inevitable disputes with its opponents it found itself a good deal annoyed and hampered by instructions from the home government.

At last an agreement was reached. It involved certain concessions to the

American demands to which, in the opinion of some, assent should never have been given. There was one point, we are told, upon which the home government was sternly inflexible. "For it," says Mr. Lang, "much may by literary persons be forgiven them." It telegraphed that in the wording of the treaty it would under no circumstances endure the insertion of an adverb between the preposition *to* (the sign of the infinitive) and the verb. Mr. Lang feels justly the heroic nature of this act. Much may be yielded on questions in dispute which all knew would ultimately involve expenditure of money, and, indeed, implied at the time admission of previous wrong-doing; which might

further be yielded in the case of certain things which the biographer himself seems to regard as points of honor. Still, on these minor matters it was thought advisable to give way. So much the more must our tribute of admiration be paid to the English Government for remaining as immovable as the solid rock when it came face to face with the great question of severing the close tie that binds to the infinitive the preposition *to*.—*Thomas R. Lounsbury* in *Harper's Magazine*.

New Zealand a Political Garden of Eden

Seventy years ago New Zealand was a group of cannibal islands; today she heads the procession of politico-economic progress.

Years ago New Zealand was afflicted with unjust laws and a grievous congestion of wealth and power. The taxes rested mainly on the poorer classes. The land monopoly was one of the worst ever known. A system of multiple voting for the rich placed the government in the hands of the monopolists.

But in 1890 the workingmen united with the small farmers and tradesmen to elect "Liberal-Labor" candidates pledged to the interests of the common people; they swept the monopolists out of power and made New Zealand the most democratic and the most progressive country on the face of the globe.

To put the burden of taxation on those best able to bear it, the Liberals established progressive taxes on land values and incomes, with complete exemption of all improvements and of all persons of small property and moderate income.

To checkmate land monopoly and move toward the nationalization of the soil, they instituted a system of perpetual leasing in place of the sale of public lands, and devoted a large sum each year to the state purchase of large estates and their division and leasing to capable workers, the landless being accorded the preference.

To undermine the interest sharks, a government loan office was opened,

from which, through the post-office, workingmen, farmers, tradesmen, manufacturers, and all classes can borrow money from the state at low interest—four and a half per cent.

To enforce the right to employment and the right to work under reasonable conditions (without which the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is but a glittering dream), the Liberals established public employment bureaus, with a Minister of Labor, whose principal function it is not to publish statistics, but to find work for the workless.

Every policeman is an agent of the National Employment Bureau to watch for and report all opportunities for work. The state railways carry the unemployed where they can find work, the fares being advanced by the government, to be repaid by the worker when he is able.

Eight hours is the standard day, and a half-holiday is required each week. Even the stores must close early.

Short hours are regarded as of vital moment in New Zealand. They mean leisure and vitality for self-development and civic and social activity.

Strikes and lockouts have been abolished. Labor difficulties are settled by judicial decision. There has not been a conflict between capital and organized labor in the nine years since the Arbitration act went into effect in 1895.—*Professor Frank Parsons* in *The New York Evening Journal*.

The Japanese Calendar

Every month in Japan has its particular significance to the Japanese: January, the month of the New-year; February, the inari (fox festival); March, the doll festival; April, the birthday of Buddha, the month when people stroll out for hanami (flower picnic), and fields and hills are tinted with clouds of cherry blossoms; May, when the azaleas are ablaze and the picnickers flock to the beautiful gardens; June, the Temple festivals; July, the celebration of the "Milky Way"; August, moonlight banquets; September, the month of the kikuzuki (chrysanthemum) shows. October is a desolate month, for the



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KOGORO TAKAHIRA

JAPANESE MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES



Courtesy of the Department of Commerce and Labor
DONVIG'S LIFE-SAVING GLOBE

WHEN NOT IN USE

gods are said to be absent. In November the parents celebrate the third, fifth, or seventh anniversary of their children, and entertain their friends; December, a month of work in preparation for the New-year.—*Onoto Watanna* in *Harper's Weekly*.

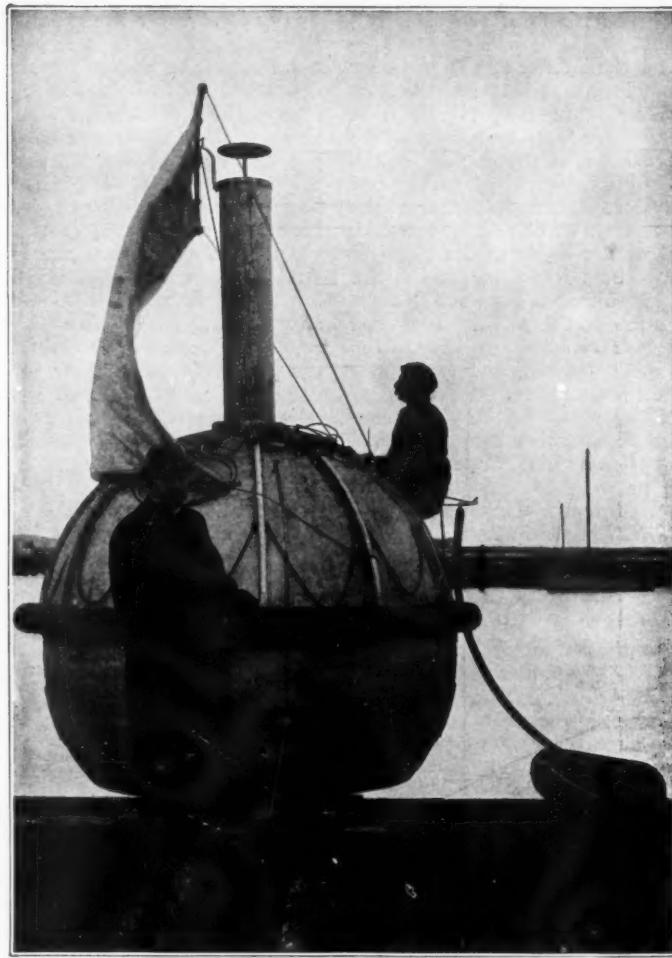
Donvig's Life-Saving Globe

An interesting experiment with Captain Donvig's life-saving globe was

recently conducted by that gentleman in Copenhagen in the presence of prominent naval authorities and others.

The experiment consisted of casting the globe from a 12-foot high wharf into the sound; it sank, but immediately recovered itself, whereupon the portholes were thrown open, one of the occupants adjusting a sail and guiding the globe by means of a rudder.

The life-saving globe is a recent in-



Courtesy of the Department of Commerce and Labor

DONVIG'S LIFE-SAVING GLOBE

WITH SAIL AND VENTILATOR SET, AND STEERSMAN IN POSITION

vention. The inventor received his idea from seeing an iron water tank afloat after a terrible wreck on a rocky coast, in which he lost his entire family.

The globe will accommodate sixteen persons. Fig. 1 shows the globe closed ready for the water. Fig. 2 shows it with ventilator pipe and sail adjusted.

The apparatus is described as follows: The life-saving globe is constructed of $\frac{3}{16}$ -inch steel plates and has the form

of a globe from which a segment is cut off, the flat part forming the bottom, which is double, the outside one being $\frac{5}{16}$ -inch thick. It is furnished with the following outfit: A fender of 16-inch coil rope laid around the largest part of the globe; anchor with 100 fathoms of $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch steel wire rope; wooden grating on top of the inner bottom; straps and loose reindeer hair padding provided for sixteen men; bilge pump; closet

bucket; rudder and tiller (of steel); sails and oars.

Around the interior of the globe are a series of lockers, which serve as seats for the crew. In these lockers can be stored 14 cubic feet of provisions. In the space between the double bottom 560 liters (148 gallons) of fresh water can be stored. Through the top of the globe a 12 inch ventilating pipe can be raised from the inside of the globe to the height of 5 feet above, and it can be lowered so that the top end is flush with the top of the globe. This pipe is fitted with cover and packing in the top for quick opening and closing for ventilation when at sea.

In the upper part of the globe manholes are fitted which can be opened and shut from within. The surroundings can be observed through the small glass lights fitted in the sides.—*Consul Raymond R. Frazier in Daily Consular Reports, No. 1920.*

John D. and John P.

Around these two groups (Rockefeller-Morgan), or what must ultimately become one greater group, all the other smaller groups of capitalists congregate. They are all allied and intertwined by their various mutual interests. For instance, the Pennsylvania Railroad interests are on the one hand allied with the Vanderbilts, and on the other with the Rockefellers. The Vanderbilts are closely allied with the Morgan group, and both the Pennsylvania and Vanderbilt interests have recently become the dominating factors in the Reading system, a former Morgan road, and the most important part of the anthracite coal combine, which has always been dominated by the Morgan people. Furthermore, the Goulds, who are closely allied with the Rockefellers, are on most harmonious terms with the Moores of the Rock Island system, and the latter are allied in interest quite closely with both the Harriman and the Morgan groups. Therefore, viewed as a whole, we find the dominating influences in the Trusts to be made up of an intricate network of large and small groups of capitalists, many allied to one another

by ties of more or less importance, but all being appendages to or parts of the greater groups, which are themselves dependent on and allied with the two mammoth or Rockefeller and Morgan groups. These two mammoth groups jointly (for, as pointed out, they really may be regarded as one) constitute the heart of the business and commercial life of the nation, the others all being the arteries which permeate in a thousand ways our whole national life, making their influence felt in every home and hamlet, yet all connected with and dependent on this great central source, the influence and policy of which dominates them all.—From "*The Truth About the Trusts*," by John Moody.

Wordless Epigrams

By means of an ingenious arrangement of abbreviations, a writer in the *Gaulois* has attempted to describe the social and political state of France at the present time. He declares that:

The Nation is: A.B.C. (*abaissee*).
Respect for France is: F.A.C. (*efface*).
Army and Navy are: D.P.C. (*dépecées*).
Justice is: D.C.D. (*décédée*).

Most of the Deputies are: H.T. (*achetés*).

Liberty is: F.M.R. (*éphémère*).
Faith is: O.T. (*ôté*).
Commerce is: B.C. (*baissé*).
The price of food is: L.V. (*élévé*).
The ruin of the country will soon be: H.V. (*achevée*).

—*The (London) Outlook.*

The Cost of Living

Take any commodity you please—a loaf of bread,—and trace it back. The baker got his flour from an agent of a flour trust. The flour trust got its wheat from a grain elevator trust, and its barrel from a cooperage trust, which got its lumber from a lumber trust and its nails from a nail trust. The machinery, by means of which the wheat was ground and the barrel was cut out and put together and the nails were stamped, came from various machinery trusts. These machinery trusts were in turn supplied by sundry iron and steel

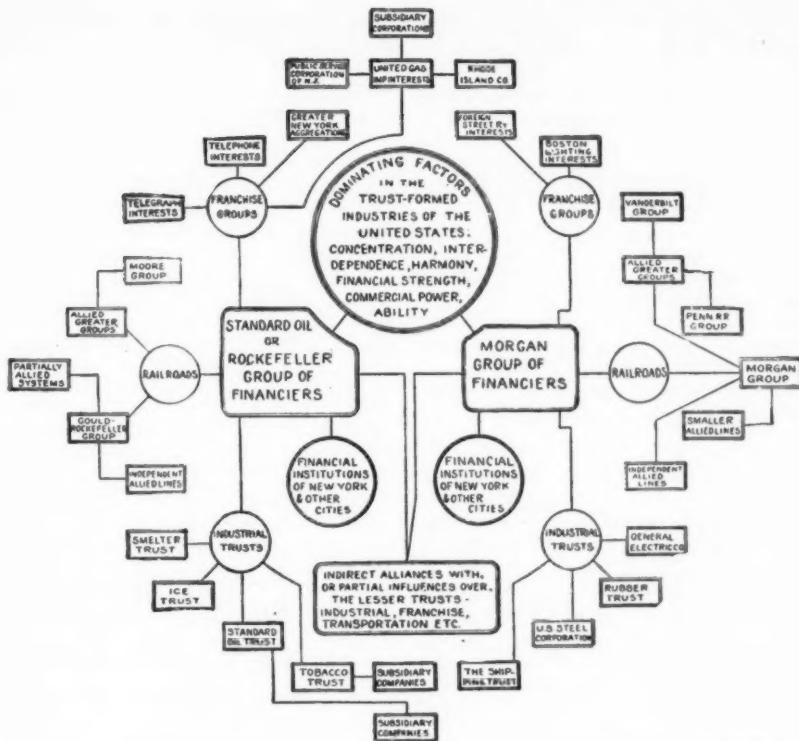


Diagram by John Moody

THE REAL OWNERS OF THE UNITED STATES

"combines," and they, again, depended upon certain mining monopolies. At every stage railways were used—and railway competition has been worse than abolished, what with the pooling and secret rebate arrangements.

Now, upon each of these many, many trusts that united to make that loaf of bread possible you will find saddled enormous fixed charges. In most cases the greater part of their fixed charges is dividends and interest upon stocks and bonds that represent not a dollar invested in the industry!

Follow back each and every article in common use, and you will find the same state of affairs. When you go to your butcher and he tells you that meat is five cents a pound higher than it was last week, you are able to understand

why. Last week's price was the proper price under proper conditions *plus* the taxes and tolls of all the various intermediary combines, trusts, consolidations, monopolies and what-nots. This week's increased price means that those tolls have been raised. Why have they been raised? Perhaps it is just because some fellow in control "needed the money." Perhaps his workmen had forced him to raise wages, or perhaps he had had a bad week in the wheat pit or at Wall Street's green tables. In the town from which I come, a small manufacturer, many years ago, went abroad to study church architecture with a view to helping his church house itself properly. On his return he cut the wages of his employees to pay the expenses of the trip and his subscription to the new

temple. Doubtless he would have raised prices if he could, but those were the days when there was still some faint competition worthy of the name.—*David Graham Phillips* in *Success*.

Snap-Shots by Herbert Spencer

RUSKIN

Doubtless he has a fine style, writes passages of great eloquence, and here and there expresses truths; but that one who has written and uttered such multitudinous absurdities should have acquired so great an influence is to me both surprising and disheartening.

CARLYLE

He has, strange to say, been classed as a philosopher! Considering that he either could not or would not think coherently—never set out from premises and reasoned his way to conclusions, but habitually dealt in intuitions and dogmatic assertions, he lacked the trait which, perhaps more than any other, distinguishes the philosopher properly so called. He lacked also a further trait. Instead of thinking calmly, as the philosopher above all others does, he thought in a passion. It would take much seeking to find one whose intellect was perturbed by emotion in the same degree. No less when tested by various of his distinctive dicta and characteristic opinions does the claim made for him to the name of philosopher seem utterly inadmissible.

GEORGE ELIOT

Striking by its power when in repose, her face was remarkably transfigured by a smile. The smiles of many are signs of nothing more than amusement; but with her smile there was habitually mingled an expression of sympathy, either for the person smiled at or the person smiled with. Her voice was a contralto of rather low pitch, and I believe naturally strong. On this last point I ought to have a more definite impression, for in those days we occasionally sang together; but the habit of subduing her voice was so constant that I suspect its real power was rarely if ever heard. Its

tones were always gentle, and, like the smile, sympathetic.

HUXLEY

A witticism of his at my expense has remained with me these twenty years. He was one of a circle in which tragedy was the topic, when my name came up in connection with some opinion or other; whereupon he remarked: "Oh! you know, Spencer's idea of a tragedy is a deduction killed by a fact."

JOHN STUART MILL

Too stern a discipline in his boyhood, and perhaps too serious a view of things in his later years, put, I think, an undue check on the display of pleasurable feelings. I do not remember his laugh; and my impression is that though he appreciated good things he did not laugh heartily. In fact his mental attitude, as expressed in manner and conversation, was much the same as that shown by his address as Lord Rector at St. Andrews, which seemed to imply that life is for learning and working.—From *Herbert Spencer's Autobiography*.

The Stupidest Nation

The wanderer leaves Korea with a feeling of having seen how the stupidest nation of created men can also be the happiest; or, could, were conditions only a trifle more propitious. By the evil star of the Koreans it has been arranged that their land is to be the Switzerland of the Far East—a territory to be fought over forever, but one that no nation can either itself possess or allow any other to hold. Korea is the victim of her own geographical advantages. And the impressionist carries away with him the picture of a people indomitably patient, dumb with the callousness of despair, that yet has the secret of happiness in its power to extract joy from the most unsatisfactory material; a nation stunned by the oppression of the ages out of all moral and mental vigor—yet still stout, and capable, perhaps, of both—a nation of sturdy, apathetic sheep whose silent indifference beneath the driving lash of the world may some day be found unexpectedly to have its limits or its possibilities.—*The Living Age*.

More than a Contract

Contemporaneous with the deluge of divorces granted in many courts is a fast-growing movement toward the conception of marriage as a status and not as a contract. The thought of not a few of the wiser people of our time is turning to the belief that marriage represents a condition more akin to a great fundamental fact of nature and of humanity than it is akin to the commercial relations of a contract. It may be said that marriage is in a sense begun in a promise given and received, made between one man and one woman. But when the contract is thus made a condition is created which the unmaking of the covenant cannot alter. A family has been established. Children are born. The future is wrapped up in conditions thus made. The court may declare that A and B are no longer husband and wife; but the court cannot wipe out the lives of children—the fruit of the marriage—whose lives are damaged to at least some extent by the separation of their parents. The court also cannot do away with the injury wrought to society and to the community by the technical dissolution of the family, which is the social unit and the social centre.

—*The Saturday Evening Post.*

Got the Prize

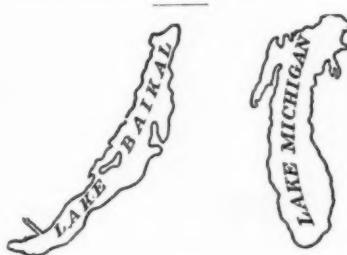
Edward E. Lee, of Baltimore, manager of a well-known wickerware house, is a fiend after coupon collecting. His friends tell this story on him:

He had been collecting all kinds of tags and coupons bearing premiums, for some time, when he one day noticed an advertisement of a New Jersey firm that upon receipt of fifteen of their tags they would forward one chance for a series of prizes, the first prize being a horse and runabout. Mr. Lee began industriously to get all the tags he could find until he had the requisite number, which he forwarded. A few days later he was notified that he had won the first prize. Immediately following this letter came a tiny rocking-horse. He sat down and wrote a sarcastic letter to the firm. "I beg to acknowledge receipt of the

horse," he wrote, "but you failed to enclose the runabout." In an early mail he received this letter:

"Dear Sir: We have your letter acknowledging receipt of the horse. As for the runabout, go chase yourself. Yours truly,

—Henry Edward Warner in *Lippincott's.*



The World's Work

What Is at Stake

An element of great significance in the Russo-Japanese war and in its issues is the vast expanse of the Asian territory involved. Lake Baikal, which makes a break in the Trans-Siberian Railroad, is, for example, as long, and in some places as wide, as Lake Michigan. Mr. Henry Norman has declared that the war is a contest for the control of

China. The size of China is shown by the foregoing comparison. The Trans-Siberian Railroad is the longest in the world. If laid down on North America, it would run from the western coast of Alaska to points in the Atlantic Ocean off New Jersey and off Nova Scotia.—*The World's Work.*

The Martian "Canals"

After experimenting on the cracks and fissures that appear in cylinders and spheres subjected to pressure, M. A. Baumann, an engineer of Zurich, Switzerland, has proposed the following explanation of the markings on the planet Mars, ordinarily known as "canals." Says the *Revue Scientifique* in a notice of M. Baumann's hypothesis:

"Mars may have a brittle, solid crust, with a more elastic nucleus, this difference of rigidity depending simply on differences of temperature in the various strata. When the planet cools contraction takes place, and the outer layer yields little by little to the pressure. In places where the pressure is greatest, cracks—always double, as shown by M. Baumann in his experiments—appear. It is possible that afterward, by the intervention of living beings, the edges of these cracks may have been removed, so as to form canals. But the same result might follow from the progressive enlargement of small fissures. The rectilinear canals indicate a homogeneous constitution of the soil. Finally, the outer crust, now solid, may have remained long in a plastic state, which would have prevented the formation of mountains." — Translation made for *The Literary Digest*.

Plan for an Ideal City

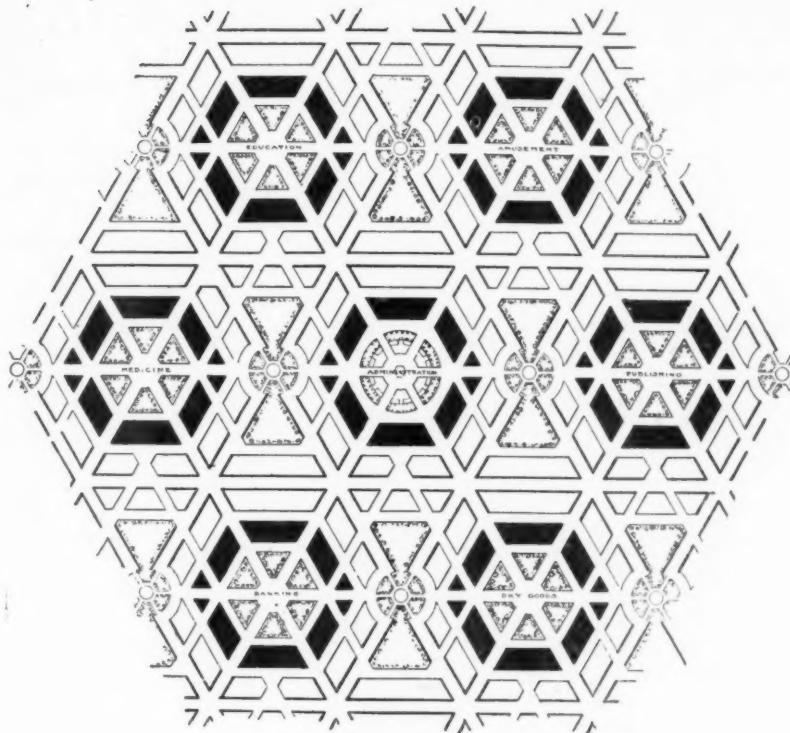
A city planned to be developed in artistic and esthetic directions must be based upon the most practical plan. And what is such a plan? After the fullest consideration of all the possibilities that geometric figures give, the writer is tempted to suggest the scheme shown in the accompanying diagram, the hexagon.

The tendency of different businesses

to centralize in one locality has been recognized for many years. This tendency is not restricted merely to business, however. Theatres and all buildings for the recreation of the people gravitate toward one quarter of the city. Educational institutions, hospitals, etc., each, in turn, are found gravitating toward their fellows. This tendency suggests that in the model city such areas could be located in zones—zones of learning, zones of pleasure, zones of medicine and surgery, zones of business. They, in turn, would have radiating from them, through the nearer territory, such buildings as would instinctively consort with the ideas presented by the zone. Thus each zone would have not only its administrative buildings, but also buildings of habitation; the minor businesses for local distribution; the schools to serve the children of the group, etc. In this way each zone, in its own group, would be practically a city complete, self-supporting, divided from its neighboring zone or city by the small park, and yet connected with it by the diagonal streets. The power of extension of such a plan is infinite. The danger of congestion by the excessive growth of cities has in such a plan been eliminated, or at least reduced to a minimum.—Charles R. Lamb in *The Craftsman*.

The Real Geisha Girl

The Geisha is in no sense necessarily a courtesan. She is a woman educated to attract; perfected from her childhood in all the intricacies of Japanese literature; practised in wit and repartee; inured to the rapid give-and-take of conversation on every topic, human and divine. From her earliest youth she is broken in to an inviolable charm of manner incomprehensible to the finest European, yet she is almost invariably a blossom of the lower classes, with dumpy claws and squat, ugly nails. Her education, physical and moral, is far harder than that of the ballerina, and her success is achieved only after years of struggle and a bitter agony of torture. She dances—dances those slow mimes of old Japan, that must be such torment to the dancers,

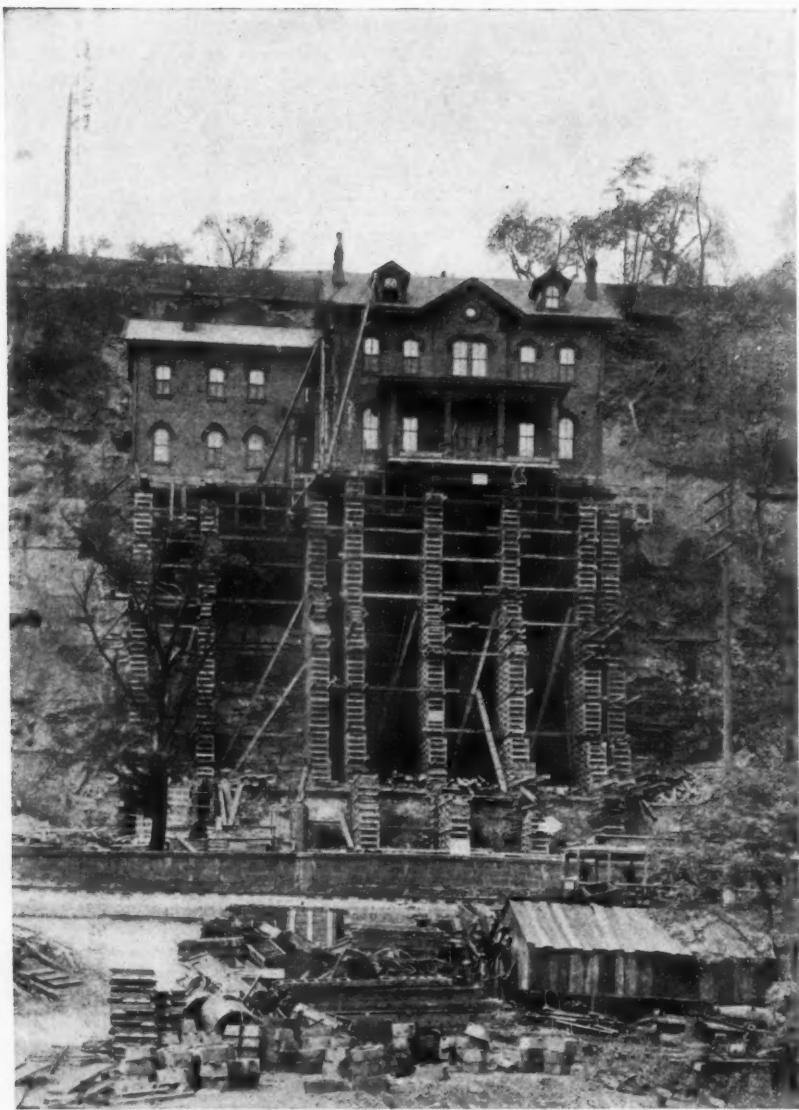
*The Craftsman*

PLAN FOR AN IDEAL CITY

HEXAGONAL PLAN, SHOWING GROUPS OR ZONES OF BUSINESS, EDUCATION, RESIDENCE, AMUSEMENT.
CAPABLE OF INDEFINITE EXTENSION

and are such joy to the spectator, who lolls upon the mats to watch the sumptuously graceful figures moving back and forth, intricately, to the long, plangent sadness of a voice wailing ancient rhythms of long-forgotten meaning to the drawn, nasal twangings of the samisen. These being acquired, and her wit polished to an adamantine brilliancy, the young voice is broken, by an incredible torment of midnight exposure, to the low dull tone required by Japanese taste. And then at last the trained girl may advance from the gorgeous robes of the little Maiko, or budding Geisha, to the quiet and ever quieter blues and greys that mark the established artist. And the Geisha's social position may be compared with

that of the European actress. A great Geisha holds a position no less high and famous than that of Sarah Bernhardt in her prime. She is equally sought, equally flattered, quite as madly adored, that quiet little elderly plain girl in dull blue. But she is prized thus primarily for her tongue, whose power only ripens fully as her physical charms decline. The Geisha has an impenetrable delicacy of softness, which receives all and accepts none. Her soul stands aloof from the gracious greeting of her eyes. She smiles without effort or fatigue, but is very far away. She must suffer hells of boredom, yet plays and glitters in a feigned paradise of enjoyment. She is sweetly, indomitably patient, under the foreigners' lame efforts to converse in



Photograph by G. P. Blackiston

" RAISING A FULL HOUSE "

BRICK HOUSE, NEAR PITTSBURGH, WEIGHING OVER 1000 TONS, RAISED
150 FEET AND MOVED TO A NEW FOUNDATION WITHOUT A MISHAP

Japanese, nor does she ever show him any glimpse of the weariness she must feel. Her flawless manners even enable her to sit smiling and kind beneath the romping fingers of a certain order of Englishman, who finds himself impelled to pat and paw, and even to commit the final unpardonable vulgarity of kisses. She does not understand us, nor we her. And this is tragic, seeing that she is the only true Japanese woman whose acquaintance circumstances allow us to make. To us she is of indefatigable kindness, radiant, delightful, with all a woman's subtlety of attraction and all a child's generous and frankly happy appeal.—*R. T. Farrer in The Nineteenth Century and After.*

Labor Unions in Peril

The tendency of employers is to organize. Permanent organizers are being put into the field. The old employers' associations were friendly to the unions; the new ones are hostile. Union domination of the shops, the employers say, means union men, union rules, and increased cost of production. Men out of a job are learning to go for work to the employment bureaus established by the employers' association in various cities, instead of tramping about the suburbs or waiting at the shop door. It was instituted three years ago to furnish workmen in time of strike. Every man employed by any of the members of the association is registered and his record kept by a card system. Employers agree to make daily reports on these cards of men employed and discharged, of applicants for help, and of help wanted. The builders protect non-union men in times of strike.

The employers are making a fight for the open shop, which is a gage of battle to the unions. When arbitration and the trade agreement are abandoned but one step remains to the annihilation of the power of the unions. Mr. A. C. Marshall, the secretary of the Dayton Association, proposes the "non-unionizing of industry." The new closed shop is the shop closed against the unions. A year or two will show whether employers can conquer the unions alone or whether,

to achieve that end, they must seek the assistance of the government and the great middle class. They propose first to try it alone and they have decided not to give the politicians a chance. The next national convention is to be held in New York in November—immediately after the presidential election.—*William English Walling in The World's Work.*

"Raising a Full House"

A wonderful undertaking has recently been successfully carried out at Pittsburgh. This was the raising of a brick mansion, weighing more than eleven hundred tons, one hundred and fifty feet up a perpendicular cliff, and moving it over five hundred feet back from its summit to a new foundation. All the more marvelous is it when we consider that the house is half a century old and is fitted with projecting porches, wings, etc. The house in question was the old Brown homestead, situated on the west bank of the Monongahela River, about ten miles from Pittsburgh.

Eight large timbers, forty-five feet long, were first placed under the house, together with two iron eye-beams of the same length, running from back to front. In the opposite direction were placed three timbers eighty-four feet long and two others forty-five feet long. With the aid of one hundred and eighty jacks placed under these timbers the house was gradually raised half an inch at a time. Under the supporting timbers and beams were placed ten piles of pine blocks, six inches square, and when the maximum height to which the jacks could raise the mansion had been reached, blocks were substituted for the jacks, the jacks were readjusted, and the work continued.—*G. P. Blackiston in The Wide World.*

Labor in South Africa

The present demand for labor in South Africa is enormous. The maw of the Rand is insatiable. The mines are being developed in feverish haste. The magnates are straining every nerve to wring the Transvaal dry in half a generation. Two years ago Mr. John Hays Hammond estimated the life of

the mines, on any large scale of production, at twenty-five years. But if the plans of the Johannesburg financiers carry, and the output is doubled and trebled for the next ten or fifteen years, South Africa will dazzle the world by a flood of gold that will sink California or the Klondike into insignificance. Then the bottom will drop out of the Transvaal and the Boer will pasture his sheep in the streets of Johannesburg. Before the war 90,000 natives were employed in the mines. Today, the Government Labor Commission estimates that on the Witwatersrand alone 195,000 are required to work the stamps in operation or ready for erection, and that within the next five years an additional 200,000 will be called for. The Far Eastern and Far Western Rand can employ 100,000. Nor is this all. The normal demands of agriculture absorb 80,000 natives. In Johannesburg alone business and domestic services require 40,000. For railway construction Sir Percy Girouard, the French-Canadian engineer at the head of the South African railway system, requisitions 40,000 men. Truly there should be no excuse for a tramp in South Africa.—*Douglas Skelton in The World To-Day.*

"Physician—Heal Thyself"

It is quite evident that a great gathering of political and commercial forces is driving the United States from her former isolation into the cockpit of world politics. Her manufacturing trusts want foreign markets and the defence of a powerful fleet; the tariff interests favor a military and naval expenditure which makes against economy and requires high duties; the financial and investing classes wish to secure at the public expense protected areas of profitable exploitation outside the present national limits; a more definite official class, military and civil, is forming itself by accretion from the wealthier and more educated groups in her Eastern States, and will be a growing force for a pushful foreign policy. Moreover, as the protected and concentrated business interests find their supremacy in politics and industry menaced by the boisterous clamor of

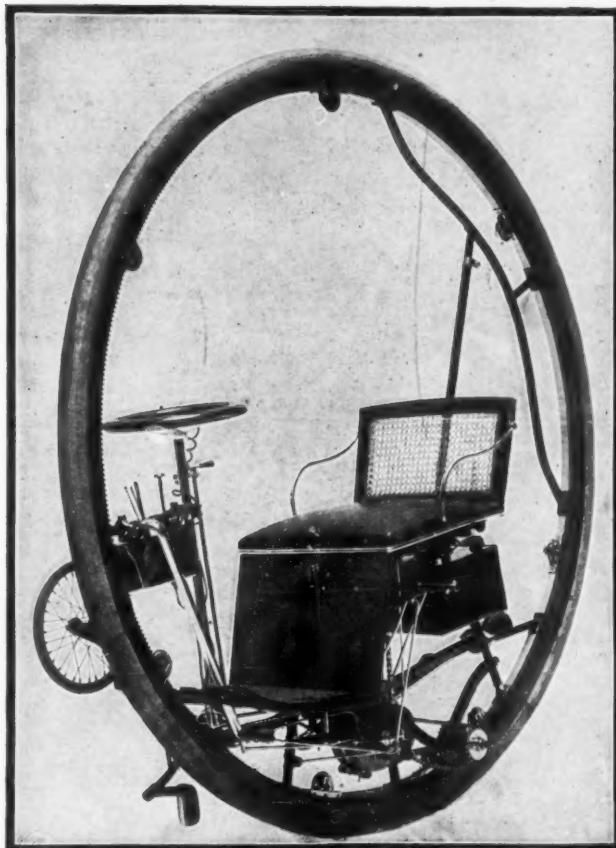
"a rabble multitude" armed with an equal franchise, they will be more and more impelled to divert the popular interest and passion into external activity. The Americans are a self-confident, restless, and patriotic people, and have been rightly designated as "eighty millions of the most warlike people in the world." To such a people the sensationalism of war and empire is a terrible temptation. To this must be added an extraordinary conviction, sedulously fostered by a fanatical clergy and an hysterically sentimental Press, that it is the duty of America "to carry canned civilization to the heathen" (as one of their own statesmen put it), and that they are fully competent to perform this duty. The notion that the citizens of New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, who seem impotent to secure for themselves even a modicum of reasonably honest and efficient management in their own municipalities, can instruct Filipinos and other backward nations in the arts of good government is indeed grotesque in its absurdity. But this delusion as to their ability to do big things a long way off is a serious factor in the situation.—*The (London) Outlook.*

Willing to Please

I always was conservative,
And in this Eastern { fuss,
I'd have you know my sympathies scrap,
Are firmly with the { Russ.
And when success shall crown his arms
Disgruntled folks may { yap,
But as for me, I always said,
All hail the victor { Jap!
 Russ!
—*The New York Sun.*

A Novel Italian Unicycle

The accompanying engraving illustrates a motor unicycle invented by Signore Lilio Negroni and constructed by the Garavaglia establishment of Milan. The Negroni unicycle consists of a laminated steel hoop provided with a pneumatic tire and designed to revolve upon the ground. A circular frame is arranged concentrically within the hoop, and carries the motor and the seat for



Courtesy of The Scientific American

A UNICYCLE DRIVEN BY A GASOLINE MOTOR

the cyclist. The frame, motor, and cyclist together, when the hoop revolves upon the ground, move along over the latter just as does an ordinary motor bicycle. In its rotating motion around the circular frame, the hoop is guided by a system of small wheels distributed and fixed in the periphery of the frame and bearing constantly against the internal surface of the hoop. The mechanical reaction necessary for starting and driving the vehicle is obtained from the weight of the frame, the motor and its parts, and the cyclist. The motor drives through a friction clutch, by means of a chain and sprocket, a gear

wheel mounted on the frame, and this gear engages with an internal gear fixed to the hoop. The friction clutch allows of starting the motor independently of the hoop, and of transmitting motion to the latter by degrees and without shock.

The steering of the unicycle is very sensitive. In fact, in order to make it turn to one side it is merely necessary for the operator to displace the centre of gravity by swaying his body. Despite this, and in order to make the control of the vehicle still easier, the inventor has provided it with a small handwheel, the turning of which displaces the seat and rider to one side or the other. The

brake is provided with an automatic arrangement that prevents the motor and the cyclist's seat from becoming locked to the external hoop and thus being carried along by the latter in its rotary motion.—*Emile Guarini in The Scientific American.*

Where Punning Paid

Canon Melville, who died the other day, in his ninety-second year, owed his earliest promotion to a pun. When the late Earl of Dudley, who knew Mr. Melville sufficiently to remember that his Christian name was "David," had a living at his disposal, he received a letter containing only the words, "Lord, remember David." The earl's reply was no less terse and scriptural: "Thou art the man!"

Perhaps the earliest instance of ecclesiastical promotion won by a pun is that of a curate named "Joseph," who was prompted by Swift to take this text for a sermon preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, before the viceroy, "Butler," the Duke of Ormond: "Yet did not the chief Butler remember Joseph, but forgat him."

The Rev. Dr. Mountain who was the son of a beggar, owed nearly every step of his successive promotions in great part to his facetiousness, and won the last step of all by a single jest. When he was consulted as bishop of Durham by George II, as to the fittest person to fill the vacant archiepiscopal see of York, he replied: "Sir, hadst thou faith as a grain of mustard seed, thou wouldest say to this Mountain" (dramatically striking his breast), "Be thou removed and cast into this sea" (see). That George II should so understand and appreciate the joke as to accept its suggestion, is, perhaps, the strangest part of the story.

Apropos of puns, promotion, and the see of York, here is a good story of a living given by an archbishop of York in reward for an impudent personal pun. The archbishop, Sir William Dawes, entertained his clergy to dinner shortly after the death of his wife, Mary, who appears to have been a regular Mrs. Proudie at once to his grace and to the diocese. At dinner the archbishop

apologized, with a sigh, for things not being in the apple-pie order that prevailed when his dear, dead wife, Mary, was alive. Being himself an inveterate punster, he added, with a sad shake of his head: "She, indeed, was *Mare Pacificum!*" A curate who knew too well what a tartar the deceased lady was, rejoined: "Aye, my lord, but she was first *Mare Mortuum!*" and was absolutely and immediately rewarded by the archbishop for this impudent pun with a living of £500 a year!—*T. P.'s Weekly.*

A Pictorial Peace Promoter

Vassili Verestchagin, who was drowned by the sinking of the *Petrovlovsk* off Port Arthur, was born in Novgorod, Russia, in 1842, and came of a thrifty family of landowners. He wished to become an artist, but his father put him into the navy. However, he gave all his spare time to drawing, and his genius triumphed over obstacles, for he was graduated with first honors from the naval school, and also won a medal at the Academy of Fine Arts. He was less than twenty years of age when he resigned as an officer from the navy to give his life to his chosen profession.

Verestchagin's personality has been described by Jules Claretie as follows: "He resembles an elegant American. Tall, slender, quick, and vigorous, with a long beard, finely chiseled nose, blue-gray eyes, sparkling yet dreamy and somehow glowing with fire, with a high, full forehead, superbly modeled, for his crowning charm."

Verestchagin, a few years ago, was made the recipient of the Nobel prize of \$60,000, awarded by the Norwegian Parliament for the best idea of teaching or procuring disarmament in Europe and promoting general peace. He toured the world with a gallery of his paintings, "teaching peace," in the words of Charles De Kay, by "lacerating the feelings, drawing on his knowledge of war in all its sternness in order to drive home the wickedness, the wastefulness and the folly of war."—*The Boston Transcript.*

